



J. P. G. sculp.



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Æ S O P's
F A B L E S,

W I T H
INSTRUCTIVE MORALS
and REFLECTIONS;

Designed to promote RELIGION, and
universal BENEVOLENCE.

To which are added,
Suitable REFLECTIONS to each FABLE
in VERSE.

The Whole written in a plain, easy, and familiar
Style, and adapted to the Capacities of Youth.

A NEW EDITION, ornamented with CUTS.

By JOHN JACKSON.

Utile Dulci.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, (No. 77,) in
Fleet-Street. MDCCLXXV.

1841

W. H. W.

BRITISH MUSEUM



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T O

PARENTS and GUARDIANS.

FISH burst from the Spawn and swim; the Ostrich breaks his Shell, walks away, and provides for himself; but Mankind tumble helpless into the World, and are at once under Obligation for the Nurse's Assistance to feed the Body, and afterwards for the Tutor's Help to form the Mind, which is like blank Paper, ready to receive any Impression that shall be stamped on it, and on that Stamp depends the future well doing of the Object, be it Male or Female. This allowed, it follows that it is of great Importance to be early attentive to the Education of Children, and to the forming of their Morals; but I would not recommend the Mode practised by some, of first teaching Infants the Scriptures, which I would recommend to be used in the second Part of their English

Education, when the Understanding begins to open, and they are more capable of digesting the Sacred Truths, which should then be unfolded to them. Reading tends both to delight and instruct, and Children naturally take that Branch easiest which pleases most. *Æsop's FABLES* have flowery Paths, and are pretty short Stages for the infant Traveller, who compares the Dog in *Æsop* to the Dog on his Lap, and, by the History and Moral being blended, he is urged to read and to improve his Understanding. Ask the rich Citizens of Fleet-street and Cheapside to what they owe the gilt Chariot and the golden Chain of Aldermen? They can most of them answer, To my Education in the North, for that was the Foundation Stone which I brought with me to London.

In *Æsop* you see Wickedness punished, and honest Industry rewarded. These are sound Rudiments which should early be instilled and repeatedly applied till Maturity makes the Pupil practice what in the Academy he had learnt in Theory. In Infancy we do not know the Advantages of Education; it is then the wholesome Pill should be gilt, that Youth may take it and reap the good Fruit through the whole of Life.

If

DEDICATION.

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If the Children under your Care incline to be vicious, a steady and proper Education will correct and improve their Manners; remember, a Twig is easily bent, and Solomon tells you, "*Train up a Child in the Way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.*"

A fertile Field requires Cultivation to keep out Weeds: In the Mind of an active Youth Weeds will spring up, if he be not properly employed.

But to return to my Book; if it be asked, Why I attempt to introduce Æsop, which has already appeared in so many different Dresses? To this I answer, That his Fables are a good Foundation to build upon, and form a necessary Book for Education, and as such have been admired by the Greeks, Romans, and every polite Nation. I have taken some Pains to translate afresh this useful Work, and fixed on it a moderate Price, to make it more acceptable to the Purchasers; and I hope the short Reflections which I have published in Verse, may give the Whole an easier Admittance to the Understanding, and root the Morals deeper in the Memory of every juvenile Reader.

The Learned will discover, that I have added a few of Abstemius's, Anianus's,

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nus's, Barlandus's and Poggius's Fables to Æsop's, the Whole of which, I hope, will contribute to the Instruction of Youth in the Paths of Virtue.

Now I will take my Leave, in hopes the following Sheets will cultivate and improve the Minds of the rising Generation; and I do even now enjoy pleasing Ideas from the Prospect of public Good, that will arise from this Work, though I do not expect to live long enough to enjoy the Fruits of my Labour.

*Little Britain,
May 29, 1734.*

JOHN JACKSON.

THE



THE LIFE of ÆSOP.



IT is a common misfortune attending upon the highest human perfections, that the more shining Merit and Virtue in persons of humble veins, and obscure extraction, nursed up under the roofs of Distress and Poverty, are not well furnished with a table of their Genealogy; when more exalted High Birth and Greatness, though otherwise never so undeserving, shall want neither Heralds nor Historians. It was thus the most ingenious Homer, the Prince of Poets, so justly celebrated (true Poet-like) only after his death, set no less than seven rival cities at contest to challenge his nativity; so little was the first figure he made at his entry into the world, to that his memory raised him after his exit from it, thereby to leave behind him such an uncertainty of his birth and parentage as to find subject matter of dispute to so many pretending competitors.

Much such another disputable original gave the world our ÆSOP, or ETHIOP, so called from his swarthy complexion. But not to mention the disagreeing traditions of Writers on this

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head, we shall content ourselves to follow the most reputable authority of Camerarius, who declares him born at Samos, being (as agreed on by all) in the age of the world when Cræsus governed Lydia. His birth (as indeed the sequel of his servile fortune will speak him such) was very mean; his person meaner, being in every part so deformed, in body and aspect, as to render him the lowest object of contempt.

Though unhappy in his figure, he came into the world with all fair endowments of mind; like a rich gem lodged in so coarse and homely a casket, he commenced his life in servitude, being indeed no more than a Slave, several times bought and sold. But as history has left us little worth remark in his service under his two first Masters, we shall relate his adventures under the third.

It was *Æsop's* lot to be sent amongst a drove of other brethren in captivity, to a market at Ephesus, there to be sold. They had each of them a burthen allotted to carry, like so many laden mules, whose portage earns their provender. *Æsop* being then but a stripling, intreated his fellow-servants to be a little favourable, and not overload him with luggage. In compliance to his request, they bade him take his own choice of one of the fardels. Accordingly he pitched upon a pannier of bread, near twice as heavy as any of the other burthens; on which his companions laughed heartily. *Æsop* contentedly bore this raillery, and so they all moved on their journey. About noon their stomachs urged them to call upon *Æsop* to unload; they sat down to dinner, and devoured about half of the bread; at supper they call again upon him,
and

and fed on the remainder, insomuch that Æsop, for the rest of the whole journey, had nothing to carry but an empty basket, their provender henceforward being only supplied from what they found at their respective stages. His travelling mates finding themselves thus over-reached by Æsop, began to have a better opinion of his wit, and not altogether so high a value of their own.

The next thing we find mentioned of him, is, the famous detection of the villainies of his fellow-servants, who, having a mind to some choice figs, which were presented to their Master, confederated together to charge Æsop with the theft, and so eat them up with great greediness; and, as they had agreed, boldly accused Æsop of the fact.

His Master being incensed at him, ordered him to be punished; upon which he instantly had recourse to a large draught of warm water, and intreated that his companions might be tried the same way: And the proof turned out according to his wish, for he brought up the water again, clear as he drank it, while the others brought up the figs along with it, and so met with the punishment and disgrace designed for him.

Æsop's Master having sold all his Slaves at Ephesus, except three, to wit, a Musician, an Orator, and Æsop, he carried them to Samos, and shewed them there in the open market, and while they were there, one Xanthus, an eminent Philosopher of that city, came to see them, with a train of his disciples at his heels. The Philosopher was highly pleased with the two Youths, and asked them about their profession, and what they could do. The one told him he could do

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any thing, the other that he could *do every thing*; and then Xanthus interrogated Æsop, what *he* could do? *Nothing at all*, says he. How comes that, says the Philosopher? My companions, says Æsop, undertake every thing, and if you purchase us all three, there will be nothing left for me to do. Well, says Xanthus, but if I should give money for you now, would you be good, and honest? I'll be that, says Æsop, whether you buy me or no. Xanthus was well enough pleased with the turn and quickness of his wit: But, says he, that unlucky shape of yours will set people a hooting at you wherever you go. A Philosopher, says Æsop, should value a man for his mind, not for his body. This presence of thought gave Xanthus a high opinion of the wisdom of the man; and so he bade the Merchant set him his lowest price of that miserable creature. Why, says he, if you'll bid me like a Chapman for either of the other two, you shall have this monster into the bargain. The Philosopher, without any more ado, paid the price agreed upon, and taking Æsop and his other purchase away with him, presented him to his wife, who, at first, was greatly offended at his mis-shapen appearance, and upbraided her husband, as intending to affront her by so ill-favoured a present; but when she came to hear his answers, and to know the value of his intellectual qualities, she was better reconciled to him.

Xanthus, a while after, attended by Æsop, went to a garden to buy some flowers, and the Gardener, among other things, told him the admiration he was in to find how much faster those
plants

plants shot up that grew of their own accord, than those that he set himself, though he took never so much care about them; and desired him, that, as he was a Philosopher, he would tell him the meaning of it. Xanthus had no better answer at hand, than that Providence would have it so. This not satisfying the Gardener, and Xanthus seeing Æsop smile at it, he told him, with a supercilious air, that it was below a Philosopher to busy his head about such trifles; but, says he, if you have a curiosity to be better informed, you shall do well to ask my Slave here, and hear what he will say to you. Upon this the Gardener put the question to Æsop, who gave him this answer: The earth is in the nature of a mother to what she brings forth of herself, out of her own bowels; whereas she is only a kind of Step-Dame in the production of plants that are cultivated and assisted by the help and industry of another; so that it is natural for her to withdraw her nourishment from the one, towards the relief of the other. The Gardener, upon this, was so well satisfied, that he would take no money for his flowers, and desired Æsop to make use of his garden for the future, as if it were his own.

After this, Xanthus and his wife, who lived together but upon indifferent terms in the general, had a very great quarrel, which was carried to such an height on her part, that she packed up her apparel, and other things, left his house, and went to her own relations, and no persuasions or intreaties could incline her to return. Æsop seeing Xanthus much disturbed at her obstinacy, said, Come, Master, pluck up a good heart, for I

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have a project that shall bring my Mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you. Away immediately he hies to the market, among the Butchers, Poulterers, Fishmongers, Confectioners, &c. for the best of every thing that was in season, giving out, wherever he came, that his Master's Wife having run away from him, he had married another, and he was ordered to provide the wedding-feast. The news soon reached the ears of the run-away Lady, (for every body knew Æsop to be a servant in that family,) and she was so moved upon it, that away she posts back to her Husband, falls upon him with outrageous looks and language, and after the easing of her mind a little, No, Xanthus, says she, do not flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive. Xanthus received her very gladly, and was highly pleased with Æsop's contrivance; nor was his Mistress less pleased at so agreeable an imposture, and all was well again.

Xanthus would needs give a feast upon his reconciliation with his wife; and having invited his friends, ordered Æsop to procure the best provisions he could think of for their entertainment; and when they were all set down to table, the first service was neats tongues sliced, which the Philosophers took occasion to discourse and quibble upon in a grave and formal way, as, That the Tongue is the key of Wisdom, and the like. Xanthus, upon this, calls for a second course, and, after that, for a third, which was the last, and all were Tongues, only several ways dressed. This put him into a furious passion:—Thou Villain, (says he,) what means this? How comes

comes it, that in three courses we have nothing but Tongues? Didst thou not boast of the elegant dishes thou hadst provided? — Sir, says Æsop, your order was, that I should make the best provision that I could think of, for the entertainment of these excellent persons? And if the Tongue be the key that leads us into all Knowledge, what could be more proper and suitable than *a Feast of Tongues for a Philosophical Banquet?*

When Xanthus found the sense of the table to be on Æsop's side, Well, my Friends, says he, pray will you eat with me to-morrow, and I'll try if I can mend your cheer? And pray, says he to Æsop, let it be your care to provide us a supper to-morrow, since you seem to be set on contradictions, of the very *worst* things you can think of.

Next day the guests being again met, according to appointment, Æsop had provided them the very same services of Tongues over and over, as they had the day before.—Sirrah! says Xanthus, in a passion, what's the meaning of this, that Tongues should be the *best* of meats one day, and the *worst* the other?—Why, Sir, says he, there is not any wickedness under the sun that the Tongue has not a part in; and you, of all men, have reason to know as well its mischievous as good qualities, both as a Husband and a Philosopher. To what else is this banquet, and that of yesterday owing? For was it not an evil Tongue that occasioned that great breach in your family, the making up of which you and your friends met to rejoice over? And was it not also owing to soft speeches, and mild expostulations

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lations from the same Tongue, that all is well again? Surely, Sir, you have found a Tongue to be the *best* and the *worst* entertainment, if ever man did, and have cause to be satisfied with the banquet of both days.

Xanthus, not long after, being in his cups, wagered all he was worth that he would drink the sea dry, and bound the extravagant wager with a very valuable signet ring that he wore on his finger. Next day, finding what he had done, he was much concerned at his folly, especially as he knew he was in such hands as would make an advantage of it. Æsop undertook to bring him off, and put him in mind, that he had only conditioned to drink the sea, but not the rivers and streams that run into it; and bid him insist on his adversary's stopping all those inlets, and then he might undertake to drink up the sea. Xanthus followed his advice, and the persons who were chosen judges on the occasion, agreed that there was justice in the plea; and so he got rid of the wager, and his antagonist was obliged to return the ring.

In the days of Æsop the world was much addicted to Augury, that is to say, to the gathering of Omens from the cry and flight of birds. Upon this account it was, that Xanthus, one day, sent Æsop into the yard, and bade him look well about him; if you see two Crows, says he, you will have good luck after it, but if you should chance to spy one single Crow, it is a bad omen, and some ill will betide you. Æsop stepped out, and came immediately back again, and told his Master he had seen two Crows. Hereupon Xanthus went out himself, and finding but one,
(for

(for the other was flown away,) he fell outrageously upon Æsop for making sport with him, and ordered him to be soundly lashed for it, but just as they were stripping him for the discipline, in comes one to invite Xanthus abroad to supper. Well, Master, says Æsop, and where's the credit of your Augury now, when I, that saw two Crows, am to be beaten like a dog, and you, that saw but one, are going to make merry with your friends? The reason and quickness of this reflection pacified the Master, and saved Æsop a severe correction.

Xanthus having some affairs at the Public Hall, sent Æsop before him, to see what company were there met. A Magistrate seeing him marching by in such haste, asked him whither he was going?—Why, truly, replied Æsop, I am going I know not whither. The Magistrate taking this bantering answer of Æsop as an affront to his person and authority, commanded an Officer to seize him, and carry him to prison.—Why look you, Sir, says Æsop to the Magistrate, have I not told you true, that I did not know whither I was going? For do you believe, when I came out of my Master's house this morning, that I had the least thought in my head of going to jail?—The Magistrate was so taken with this witty fancy of Æsop, that he immediately discharged him from his new Keeper. His heels now being his own again, he moved forward to the Hall, where, amongst an infinite crowd of people, he saw one man arrest another for debt. The Debtor pleaded poverty, humbly supplicating for mercy from his Creditor, telling him, however, that if he would favourably please
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to compound for half, he would part with all he had to endeavour to raise the money. The Creditor, both in prudence to himself, as well as pity to the Debtor, consented to take the money offered, declaring that it was better to take half, than lose all; besides, *that* money was almost as good as lost, that a man must be forced to go to law to recover. Æsop hereupon returned to his Master, telling him he had been in the Hall, and had seen but one man there. This sounded like a riddle to Xanthus, who hastened himself to the Hall, to learn the truth of Æsop's intelligence. When he came there, he found the Court full of people; and turning in a passion to Æsop, Sirrah! says he, is all this multitude gathered since you was here?—Oh, no, Sir, replied Æsop, there was a vast crowd, and yet but one that I could see, in that vast multitude, that deserved the name of Man.

The Writers of Æsop's Life next give us a story of Æsop's finding hidden treasure, by virtue of an obsolete Greek inscription; but it contains such idle and childish play upon letters and words, that we chuse to pass it over, only observing, that Xanthus, who, on this occasion, had promised him his liberty, and half the treasure, broke both promises with him, and gave him neither.

But it was not long before he obtained his liberty on another occasion, which was as follows: On a certain solemn day, the ring that had the town seal of Samos upon it, was carried away by an Eagle, which took it up in the air, and dropt it into the bosom of a Slave. The Samians took this for a foreboding of some dismal calamity to
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the State, and, in a general consternation, they presently called a Council of their Wise Men, and Xanthus among the rest, to give their opinions upon this mysterious accident. They were all at a loss what to think of it, only Xanthus desired some few days time for further consideration; and not finding himself capable of giving any probable solution of an incident so odd, he laid the matter before Æsop, who, desiring to be introduced to the Council, promised to give them satisfaction on the point, and to take upon himself the issue of the matter, let it end either in Credit or Disgrace.

Xanthus, willing to be freed from the uneasiness which the expectations of the City had given him, followed this advice; and next morning introduced Æsop to the Council, many of which mocked and ridiculed his uncouth shape and appearance; but being at last convinced, by his prudent observations, that the outward shape of a man ought not to be regarded, but the faculties of his mind only, they attended to what he had to say. He then told them, that when he considered the weight of the matter in hand, and the office that he was then to perform, he imagined it would as little stand with their honour to take the opinion of a Slave into their councils and debates, as it would with his condition to offer it, besides the risque he ran of his Master's displeasure upon the event. But all this yet may be obviated, says he, my fears dispelled, my modesty gratified, and your own dignity preserved, only by making me a Freeman beforehand, to qualify me for the function.—They all said it was a reasonable motion, and presently treated

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treated about the price of his liberty, and ordered the Quæstors to pay down the money. When Xanthus saw the thing must be done, he could not decently stand higgling about the price, but making a virtue of Necessity, he chose rather to *present* Æsop to the Commonwealth, than to *sell* him. The Samians took it very kindly, and Æsop was presently proclaimed a Freeman: After which, he discoursed upon the subject of the Portent as follows :

“ I shall not need to tell so many wise and
 “ knowing men, that the Eagle is a Royal Bird,
 “ and signifies a great King ; that the dropping
 “ of the Ring in the bosom of a Slave that has no
 “ power over himself, portends the loss of your
 “ Liberties, if you do not look to yourselves in
 “ time ; and that some potent Prince has a de-
 “ sign upon you ; and who should this be, (said
 “ he,) so likely as Cræsus, King of Lydia, who
 “ is actually arming for some enterprize, as you
 “ well know, and which may as probably fall
 “ upon your State, as any other ? ”

In a very little time the event justified the prediction ; for King Cræsus sent Ambassadors to demand a tribute of the Samians, and threatened them with an invasion in case of a refusal. This affair came to be debated in the Council, where the majority was rather for Peace, with Slavery, than for running the risque of an invasion from so powerful a Prince ; but they would not come to a resolution yet, without first consulting Æsop what they had best to do ; who gave them his thoughts upon it in words to this effect :—“ You have two
 “ ways before you, says he, one of which you must
 “ take ; the first is, the way of Liberty, which
 “ is

“ is narrow and rugged at the entrance, but
“ plainer and smoother still the farther you go ;
“ secondly, the way of Servitude, that seems to
“ be easy at first, but you will find it afterwards
“ to be full of intolerable difficulties.” — The
Samians, upon these words, declared themselves
unanimously for Liberty, and that since they
were at present free, they would never make
themselves Slaves by their own consent. So the
Ambassadors departed, and a war was de-
nounced.

When Cræsus came to understand the resolu-
tions the Samians had taken, and how inclinable
they were to a compliance, till Æsop, by the
power only of a few words, diverted them from
it, he made an offer to the Samians, upon their
sending Æsop to him, to put a stop, at present,
to the course of his arms. When Æsop came to
hear of this proposition, he told them, that he
was not against their sending of him, provided
only that he might tell them one Story before he
left them.

“ In old time, says he, there happened to be a
“ fierce war betwixt the Wolves and the Sheep ;
“ and the Sheep, by the help of the Dogs, had
“ rather the better of it. The Wolves, upon
“ this, offered the Sheep a peace, upon condition
“ only that they might have their Dogs for hos-
“ tages ; the credulous Sheep agreed to it, and as
“ soon as ever they had parted with the Dogs,
“ the Wolves broke in upon them, and destroyed
“ them at pleasure.” — *See Fab. 44.*

The Samians soon gathered the Moral of this
Fable, and would consent upon no terms to part
with him. Æsop, who had a prospect before
him

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him beyond the reach of the weak-sighted Samians, resolved to pay Cræsus a visit, though in another character and capacity than that of a person delivered up at discretion into his hands; and accordingly put himself on board, with the Ambassadors, for a passage to Lydia.

At his arrival at the Court of Lydia, Æsop presented himself before the King, who, upon sight of him, looked with the severest aspect of Hatred, Scorn, and Indignation.—“Is this, said he, the bar to my ambition! This the man that could defeat the hopes of Cræsus being Lord of Samos!”—Æsop, discerning the rising tempest on the King’s brow, with the profoundest reverence thus addressed him:—“I come not hither, Great Sir, as a man given up into your power by any compulsive force, but by my own desire and inclination to lay myself at your Majesty’s sacred feet, with this only prayer, that you would graciously lend your royal ear and patience to a few short words:

“A Boy, in hunting for Locusts, caught a Grasshopper, who, finding he was going to kill her, thus supplicated for mercy: Alas, says she, what capital offender have I been, to pull the hand of Vengeance, and stroke of Death upon me! I never wronged any person; had never the power, and less the will, to do any injury: The only business of my life is my innocent song; and what advantage can you gain by my death? Upon this moving plea for her life, the Youth’s heart relented, and he set the poor Grass-hopper at liberty.

“That innocent creature, Royal Sir, you have now before you: I can pretend to nothing but
“ my

“ my Voice ; and, as it is all the Gods have bestowed on me, next to the tributary praises I gratefully pay out of it to the great Donors that gave it me, I employ the whole remainder of it, to the best of my power, in the service of Mankind.”

The King was so tenderly moved with Æsop's Prudence and Modesty, that he not only gave him his life, but bade him ask any thing he had a mind to, and it should be granted him. Æsop, upon this happy revolution in the pacified breast of the King, threw himself prostrate before him, with all the profoundest veneration and gratitude, and laying hold of the Royal Word of Grace, he most humbly implored his Majesty's favour for his Countrymen, the Samians. The King immediately granted his prayer, and confirmed it by the sanction of a firm amity and peace with the State of Samos, under the Royal Seal ; at the same time commending Æsop for preferring his Country's, before his own particular interest.

Æsop, soon after this, returned to Samos with the joyful news of peace, wholly the work of his own creation ; which gave him so hearty and so honourable a welcome amongst them, that the Samians could no other ways repay such signal services, than by erecting a statue for him, with an inscription to preserve his memory, and render his name and virtues famous to latest posterity.

From Samos he returned afterwards to Cræsus, for whose sake he composed several of those Apologues which are handed round the world, and bear his name ; and having a mind to see
Babylon

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Babylon, (for he had a natural inclination for travel,) he obtained letters of recommendation from Cræsus, to Labinetus, the King there, his friend and ally. His curiosity led him through Greece, to discourse with those Philosophers, the Seven Wise Men, so famous in that age of the world. From thence he made a journey to Asia, and so to Babylon.

Æsop found a very favourable reception at the Court of Babylon, his own shining virtues giving him a recommendation to Labinetus's favour; and what daily contributed to his spreading fame, was, his extraordinary acuteness in resolving of Riddles, and untying of knotty Questions, it being, in those days, a custom for Princes to exercise trials of skill in that kind amongst the most celebrated Wits of that age.

Amidst all this reputation and grandeur he now lived in, it was his unhappiness to have no children, for the comfort and support of his old age; so that, with the King's approbation, he pitched upon a Youth well born and ingenious enough, but poor; his name was Ennus. This adopted Darling he nursed and cherished with all the fondest paternal care imaginable, giving him an education worthy such a Father, training him up in all those most refined principles of Virtue and Knowledge, that probably might lay him a foundation both for Greatness and Happiness. But such was his mistaken choice in Ennus, that this young Æsop-graft was not sound at heart. He was naturally of a perverse and flagitious temper, such as no favour nor kindness could oblige, and no discipline or instruction correct or soften; so that out of an irreclaimable propensity

penfity to wickedness, from one sin heaped upon another, at last his impiety prompted him to the perpetration of so horrid a piece of ingratitude and villainy, as to counterfeit his Father's hand and name to several letters, the tenor of which was, a private treaty with some neighbouring Princes, with promises of lending them assistance against Labinetus. These letters, as supposed to be intercepted, Ennus carried to the King, where, with all the seeming reluctance and unwillingness imaginable, as being compelled by nothing but a superior duty to his King and Country, to be himself the unhappy accuser of his own Father, an office, though an ungrateful one, which Heaven had pleased to throw upon him, as the discoverer of this treacherous correspondence, he charged his Father with Treason. His manner of delivery of this accusation, and the flowing tears that attended, left so little room for the King's suspicion of a Cheat and a Forgerer, that, entirely satisfied in Ennus's truth, and this extraordinary instance of his affection to his Prince, in a transport of fury, without any further enquiry into the matter, he ordered Æsop, without any formal process of law, unheard, and untried, to be immediately put to death.

The persons to whom he had given the charge of seeing this execution performed, being highly sensible of Æsop's integrity and innocence, gave it out to the world that the King's command had been fulfilled, and that Æsop was dead. Some days after, Amasis, King of Egypt, sent letters to Labinetus, to desire that he would send him an Architect that would undertake to lay the plan and projection of a tower that should hang
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in the air, and one that was able to resolve all questions. The King, whose fury against Æsop was now cooled, wished it possible to bring him to life again, though at the purchase of half his kingdom. Hermippus, and the rest, who had before concealed him, now boldly owned their innocent imposture in keeping him alive, and, upon the King's command, brought him forth. Æsop no sooner appeared before the King, but, to his great joy, he made his innocence so manifest, that the King immediately commanded his false Accuser to be put to death with the most exquisite tortures; but Æsop, whose mercy shone equal to the rest of his virtues, interceded for him, and begged his life.

Æsop, thus justly restored to the Royal Grace and Favour, upon perusal of the King of Egypt's letters, advised Labinetus to return him this answer, "That early this spring he should have the satisfaction desired." In the mean time, he generously took Ennus home again, burying the whole remembrance of his past crime in entire oblivion, and treating him with much true fatherly goodness and humanity, giving him good instruction, as will appear from the following Precepts.

My Son, says he, worship God with care and reverence, and with a sincerity of heart void of all hypocrisy or ostentation; not as if that Divine Name and Power were only an invention to fright women and children; but know, that God is Omnipresent, True, and Almighty.

Have a care even of your most private actions and thoughts; for God sees through you, and your conscience will bear witness against you.

It

The LIFE of ÆSOP. xxv

It is according to Prudence, as well as Nature, to pay that honour to your Parents, that you will expect your Children should pay to you.

Do all the good you can to all men, but in the first place to your nearest Relations; and do no hurt, however, where you can do no good.

Keep a guard upon your Words, as well as upon your Actions, that there be no impurity in either.

Follow the dictates of your Reason, and you are safe; and have a care of impotent affections.

Apply yourself to learn more, so long as there is any thing left that you do not know; and value good Counsel before Money.

Our Minds must be cultivated as well as our Plants; the Improvement of our Reason makes us like Angels, whereas the neglect of it turns us into Beasts.

There is no permanent and inviolable Good but Wisdom and Virtue, though the study of it signifies little without the practice.

Keep Faith with all men. Have a care of a Lye, as you would of Sacrilege. Great Babblers have no regard either to Honesty or Truth.

Take delight in, and frequent the Company of good Men, for it will give you a tincture of their Manners.

Take heed of that vulgar error, of thinking that there is any Good in Evil. It is a mistake when men talk of profitable Knavery, or of starving Honesty; for Virtue and Justice carry all that is good and profitable along with them.

Let every man mind his own Business, for Curiosity is restless.

Speak not ill of any body. You are no more to hear calumnies, than to report them. Besides that, they who practise the one, commonly love the other.

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Propose honest things, follow wholesome counsels, and leave the Event to God.

Let no man despair in Adversity, nor presume in Prosperity, for all things are changeable.

Rise early to your business, learn good things, and oblige good men; these are three things you shall never repent of.

Have a care of Luxury and Gluttony, but of Drunkenness especially; for Wine, as well as Age, makes a Man a Child.

These, or such as these, were the Lessons that Æsop read daily to his Son; but so far was he from mending upon them, that he grew every day worse and worse, shewing that it is not in the power of Art or Discipline to rectify a perverse nature, or, as Euripides says, *To make a man wise that has no soul.* But, however, according to Neveletus, he came soon after to be touched in conscience for his barbarous ingratitude, and died in a raging remorse.

The spring was now at hand, and Æsop was preparing for the task he had undertaken, about the building of a tower in the air, and resolving all manner of questions; but I shall say no more of that romantic part of the History, than that he went into Egypt, and acquitted himself of his commission to Amasis with great reputation. From thence he went back to Labinetus, laden with honours and rewards, from whom he got leave once more to visit Cræsus, but upon condition of returning to Babylon the first opportunity. Arrived at Sardis, he was kindly received by Cræsus, who heaped upon him presents, and honourable employments, in the last of which he ended his days; for being by Cræsus commis-

sioned

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sioned to deliver some magnificent presents to the Priests of the Oracle at Delphos, and four minæ of silver to each Citizen, he made a journey thither, full of pleasing hopes that he should find a number of Wise Men at a place so famous; but seeing, that, like drone-bees, they subsisted wholly on the labour of others, and neglected to till their lands, he reproached them for spending their time in idleness, and acting like men void of common sense; at the same time said, they were unworthy of the Presents and the Sacrifices sent them by the King. — “I find, says he, the curiosity that brought me hither, to be much the case of people at the sea-side, that see something come hulling towards them a great way off at sea, and take it at first to be some mighty matter; but, upon driving nearer and nearer the shore, it proves at last to be only a heap of weeds and rubbish.”

This Philosophy offended the Priests, nor did it please the Citizens, when they found he had sent back the money to Cræsus. — Thus irritated, they consulted how to be revenged, and conspired, by a notorious villainy, to take away his life.

They hid, amongst his baggage, one of the vessels consecrated to Apollo, and as Æsop departed towards Phocis, they sent Messengers after him, who, searching his baggage, found the vessel which they themselves had there deposited. On this they dragged him to prison, accused him of Sacrilege, and sentenced him to be thrown from the Rock Hyampia,

xxviii *The LIFE of ÆSOP.*

pia, which was the punishment usually inflicted on those that committed Sacrilege.

As they were on the point of throwing him off, he told them the Fable of the Frog and the Mouse; but to little purpose did he exclaim against the proceedings of this barbarous and inhuman people, who, void of Honour, and contrary to Justice, and the Ties of Hospitality, pushed Æsop headlong from the precipice, and he was dashed to pieces by the fall.

ÆSOP'S

ÆSOP'S FABLES.



I. *The Cock and DIAMOND.*

AS a Cock was scraping in a dunghill, he found a Diamond; Oh! says he, what a bright, fine thing have I found! If a Jeweller had found it he had been overjoyed, because he knows its use and value. For my part, I esteem it not, but prefer a barley-corn before all the pearls and jewels under the sun.

The MORAL.

By the Cock is meant an ignorant and sensual person; by the Pearl, Wisdom and Learning.

Æg. The Foolish despise Knowledge, and Men of Pleasure neglect Understanding.

The Sordid doat on Ignorance and Vice;
Sots roul in filth! 'Tis the Fool's Paradise.
Such never can the worth of Wisdom find,
For Light makes no impression on the Blind.

2. *The SICK-MAN, loth to DIE.*

A Poor Man, very sick, and just at Death's door, his Physicians having given him over, puts up a petition to the Gods, and promises them a sacrifice of a hundred oxen to restore him to his former state of health. His wife over-hearing, says she, My Dear, where do you think to get them when you are well again? Poh! (says he) hold thy tongue; let me get well by any means.

The MORAL.

Fair words butter no parsnips. Many people will promise that in their distress, that they scarcely ever remember afterwards. It is a mockery and impiety to make such efforts and vain promises to God, and very unbecoming the state and condition of a sick man.

Deceitful vows will ne'er relieve the sick,
Nor Heaven e'er be cheated with a trick.



3. *The Fox that had lost his TAIL.*

AN old wilely Fox being caught in a trap, was glad to get off without his Tail, which proved a great mortification, the loss not being repairable. A crotchet comes into his head to put a trick upon his brethren, hoping thereby to wipe off his own disgrace. In order thereto, he calls a general council of the brotherhood, and uses many plausible arguments to persuade them to cut off their Tails; for (says he) it is not only useless, and indecent, but a great burthen to us. But a cunning old thief, then at the board, stood up, and said, I believe you may have found it necessary to part with your Tail, and when we are in the same circumstance we may do so too.

The MORAL.

Cunning Knaves commonly make great pretences, and eagerly pursue their own private interests, under the specious pretence of some public advantage: And Reynard is trying to make his deformity become fashionable, or at least to persuade others to share with him in his misfortune, thereby to lessen his own.

Good counsel, which from true affection flows,
Is the best gift a generous Friend bestows;
But counsel for self-interest giv'n, beware;
The Friend's a cozener, and the Advice a snare.

4. JUPITER *and* MODESTY.

JUPITER having formed man, among his other qualities he had endowed him with, he had forgot to put in Modesty, and finding no ways to introduce her afterwards, commands her to be turned out amongst the crowd. Modesty took it very ill to be so ill used, but being much importuned, consents to it, on this condition, that Carnal Love should not be her companion; for, said she, wherever that comes, there's no staying for me. Hence 'tis apparent, that all sensual men are immodest.

The MORAL.

Such is the extravagance of voluptuous minded men, that their unbridled appetites are void of all shame, and rarely keep within the bounds of Modesty and Reason.

As

As Vice prevails, so Modesty grows faint;
This bears no Stain, the other no Restraint.



5. *The LION, and some other BEASTS.*

A Lion made an agreement with a Sheep, and some other Beasts, that they would fare and fare alike, and live in common, sharing among them what they could get. They go out upon the hunt, and take a Stag; they divide it into several pieces; but when each Beast was about to take his share, as had been agreed, the Lion roared out, that one part belonged to him, because of his supreme dignity; likewise another part, as he excelled in strength; that he claimed another part, for that he had taken most pains in catching the prey; and that unless you will give me the fourth part,

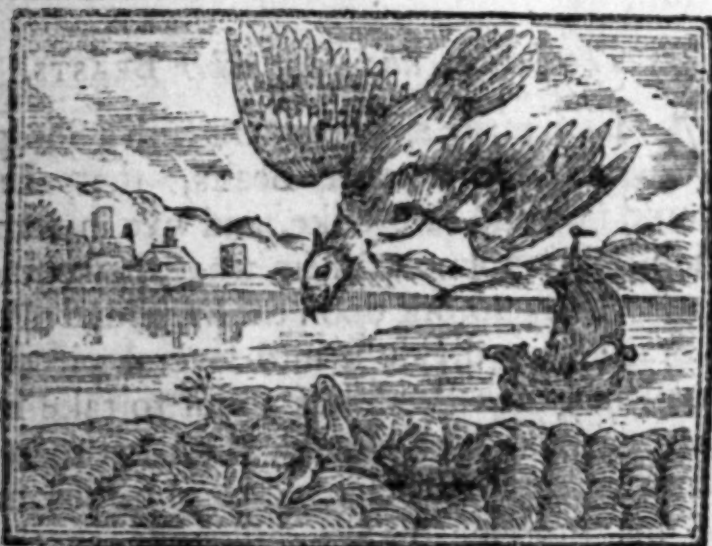
6 ÆSOP'S FABLES.

we must pluck a crow for it. When the Beasts heard this, they went away silent, sorrowful, and hungry.

The MORAL.

Chuse to live and die with your Equals. Companions and Partners that are too mighty, will make and interpret arguments as they please, without any regard to Justice or Equity; nor must you dare to dispute it.

When lawless Power contracts with feeble friends,
It only means to serve its private ends;
Acts as it lists, supports itself by might,
And scorns the weak restraints of settled right.
These constant observations teach the Wise,
To deal with those of their own force and size.



6. The MOUSE and the FROG.

A Mouse and a Frog were at open war: Each strove for the absolute Domi-

ÆSOP'S FABLES. 7

Dominion of the fen. The battle was obstinate and doubtful. The cunning Mouse lies in ambush, and falls upon the Frog from a covert of grass. The bolder Frog, depending on his strength, and nimble leaping, valiantly dares his enemy to downright fighting. They were both armed with bull-rush pikes. A hungry Kite, having observed the combatants at a distance, and perceiving that their spite at each other made them careless of themselves as to other dangers, she on a sudden flies to the warriors, snatches, tears, and devours them both.

The MORAL.

Thus factious Citizens, striving for offices, and neglecting their common welfare, are frequently destroyed by a common Invader.

Thus home-divisions, and domestic jars,
Intent on Faction, careless of the State,
Subject the Common-wealth to foreign wars,
And end all broils in one destructive fate.



7. *The DOG and the SHADOW.*

A Certain Dog crossing a river, with a piece of flesh in his mouth, the sun shining out, and the day being bright and clear, the Shadow of the flesh that the Dog carried in his mouth, appeared plain in the water. The Dog, greedily catching at it, drops the meat out of his chops, and lost it. The poor Cur was quite amazed at first, but at length recovering himself, he thus expressed, in Dog language, the sense of the matter :—I had enough, and to spare, had I but known when I was well ; but by coveting too much, I have lost all.

The MORAL.

All covet, all lose. Quit not a Certainty for an Uncertainty ; a Substance for a Shadow : Nor give a solid Price for empty Hope.

He

He that possessing well, still covets more,
And quits a solid hold for doubtful store,
Courts his own loss, and hastens to be poor.

8. *The CURST CUR.*

A Certain curst old Cur, but a good House-dog, was so addicted to snarl and bite strangers that passed by, that his master was forced to hang a bell about his neck, that people might be forewarned of him. The Dog took this for a particular mark of favour and estimation from his master, and despised his companions, because they wanted such an ornament. You're mightily mistaken, said one of them; it is no ornament, but a mark of infamy set upon you for your curst malicious temper, and ill manners.

The MORAL.

Some men are arrived to that height in their wickedness, and so brazened in their fronts, that they glory in their shame, and boast of their vices, which they ought to blush at.

Vice boasts itself by practice, and in spite
Of Conscience, and 'gainst Truth, will boldly fight.



9. *The GEESE and the CRANES.*

A Flock of Geese and Cranes met and foraged together in the same field: The Country-men, hearing their music, came upon them suddenly, and surprized them. The Cranes being frightened, and light of body, flew away, but the Geese being heavy, their wings not being strong enough to carry them off quickly, were snapp'd up, every Goose of them.

The MORAL.

In time of War, or Distress, Riches, or Bulk of Body, are a dead Weight, and binder the Owner's flight; whilst the Poor Man, without any Let, escapes. Little Goods, little Care.

The Rich, in flight, are taken by their weight,
But none pursue, none stop the Poor Man's flight.

10. *The Dog and the Ass.*

A Dog, who was always fawning upon his Master, and the rest of the family, was mightily cherished and caressed by all of them. An Ass belonging to the same house observing this, was struck with grief, and thought it very hard, that a lazy useless Cur should be so much made of, be fed at the Master's table, and live at his ease, only by idleness, play, and flattery; while yet he, who continually carried burdens, and was daily of so much use and service to the whole household, was beaten with whips and cudgels, and neglected and scorned by every body. To remedy this grievance, since fawning and flattery throve so well, the Ass resolves to apply himself to so beneficial a trade: In order to it, he watches his

Master's coming, runs to meet him, leaps upon him, and paws him rudely with his hoofs. The Master, surprized and astonished, calls out for help; the servants haste to assist their Master; and the foolish Ass is driven away, and drubbed severely for his kindness.

The MORAL.

We must not set examples to ourselves, that are unsuitable to our natures, circumstances, and tempers, there being nothing more ridiculous and contemptible than a fond affectation of what we are wholly unfit for.

'Gainst Nature's bent we make attempts in vain,
Nothing succeeds, done aukward, or with pain.
The little Dog is fondled for his play,
While the dull Ass groans on his servile way;
Bending beneath his load, and beat thro' miry clay. }



II. *The COUNTRY MAN and the SNAKE.*

A Country-man having found a Snake lying on the snow, almost frozen to death,

death, brought it home, and laid it before the fire: The Snake, revived by the warmth, recovered its former force and vigour of poison; and at last the heat becoming uneasy to him, he filled the whole cottage with his violent and impatient hissings. The Countryman snatching up a cudgel, runs to it, corrects and reproaches its insolence and ingratitude with words and blows: Is this your Thankfulness, vile creature! Do you threaten me with death in my own house, for bringing you hither to save your life.

The MORAL.

It too often happens, that men return Evil for Good, and become the mortal and implacable Enemies of those that have preserved, and raised them.

Too often those whom we with Kindness fill,
Requite our Love with Hate, our Good with Ill.

12. *The two CRABS.*

A Young Crab was reproved by his Dam, because he went askew so shamefully, and advised him to walk streight forward. I pray Mother, says the young one, go you before, and I'll follow after.

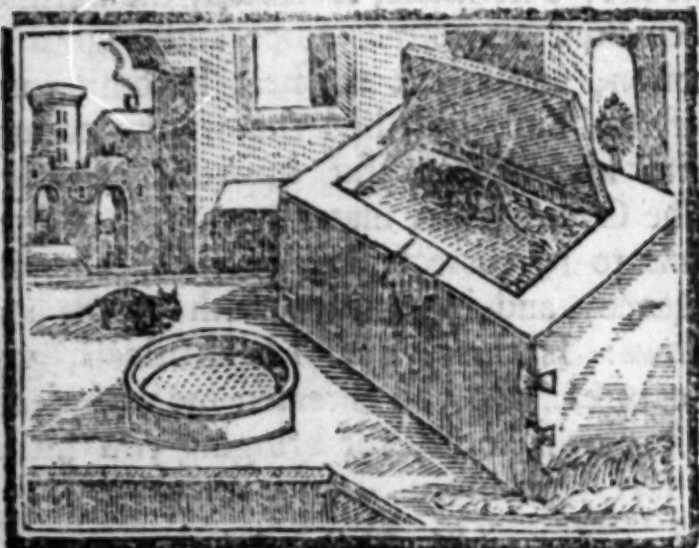
The MORAL.

Knowledge without Practice is nothing. He that would reprove another, must take care not to be guilty of the same fault. Good Advice is seldom effectual, when the Adviser does not follow it himself.

Words

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Words without Deeds are only empty Noise;
Example is the most prevailing Voice.



13. *The CITY-MOUSE and the COUNTRY-MOUSE.*

A City-Mouse had a mind to walk out of town, and divert herself abroad in the country for the air: A Country-Mouse met with her, invites her home, prepares to entertain her in a plain manner; and to supper they go. The Country-Mouse treats her in the best manner she could, that she might not shew herself unworthy of the company and friendship of a Mouse of so great quality. Yet the City-Mouse looked disdainfully upon the Country Cates, condemned the mean Provisions, and magnified the noble plenty, and vast variety of the City cheer. Upon her return home, she invites the Country-Mouse to go with her,
and

and see the magnificence and abundance of the City. So they both set out upon their journey together, proposing to sneak in after the close of the evening. They did so; and, about midnight, made their entry into a certain great house, where there had been an extraordinary entertainment the day before, and several tit-bits, which some of the servants had purloined, were hid under the seat of a window: The Country guest was immediately placed in the midst of a rich Persian carpet; and now it was the Courtier's turn to entertain, who, indeed, acquitted himself in that capacity with the utmost readiness and address, changing the courses as elegantly, and tasting every thing first as judiciously as any Clerk of a Kitchen. The other sat and enjoyed himself like a delighted Epicure, tickled to the last degree with this new turn of his affairs; when, on a sudden, a noise of somebody opening the door, made them start from their seats, and scuttle in confusion about the dining-room. Our Country friend, in particular, was ready to die with fear at the barking of a huge Mastiff or two, which opened their throats just about the same time, and made the whole house echo. At last, recovering himself, Well, says he, if this be your town life, much good may do you with it: Give me my poor quiet hole again, with my homely, but comfortable gray-pease.

The MORAL.

Great Wealth, and sensual Pleasures, are frequently found to be only dainty Baits to deadly Mischief. A mean Condition makes a large Amends; for what it wants in outward Splendor, is vastly supplied by inward Comforts, firm Security, lasting and solid Satisfaction.

Riches and Pleasure falsely we suppose
A state of Bliss; they bring a world of Woes,
Expose us hourly to corroding Cares,
To open Dangers, and to secret Snares.
Splendid without, and shining they are seen;
Black Horror, dreadful Ruin lurk within.
Beware of snatching at the gilded Bait,
'Twill poison all, imbitter thy whole Fate.
No solid Comforts harbour in Excess,
The middle state, alone, conducts to Happiness.

14. *The BOAR and the Ass.*

A Sluggish worthless Ass was one day mocking and deriding a Boar. The Boar at first was angry, and gnashed his teeth

teeth at him; but, recovering his temper, replies, Tho' thou deserveſt to be puniſhed, yet thou art below my anger: Thou may'ſt inſult at pleaſure, and with impunity; thy own baſeneſs ſecures thee.

The MORAL.

A brave mind deſpiſes the injuries received from mean, vulgar, and ſordid perſons.

Urg'd by the baſe, be unconcern'd the while;

At moſt, regard it with a ſcorning ſmile;

'Twere mean to think of vengeance on the vile. }

15. *The COUNTRY MAN and the Ox.*

A Country Man had a young ſturdy ill-natured Ox which could by no means endure the yoke, nor ſuffer any body to come near him: The Man cuts off his horns, and puts him to the plough; ſo that he could neither push with his horns, nor kick with his heels, and himſelf guided the plough, pleaſed with what he had done. The ſurly unruly beaſt, when he could do nothing elſe, threw up ſtones and dirt with his heels into the very mouth and eyes of his Maſter, till he was almoſt blinded, and could do nothing but ſpit and ſputter about him.

The MORAL.

Nature will ſtill have its courſe; ſome tempers are ſo untractable and moroſe, that nothing will reclaim them: The more pains a man takes to meliorate them, the worſe they are.

And

And though through policy or strength you may restrain their actions, seldom is there a change of the will and affections effected thereby.

Do what you can, some men are still the worse ;
For savage Nature strives to have its course.



16. *The WOLF and the CRANE.*

AS a Wolf was greedily devouring a Sheep, a bone stuck fast in his throat: He went up and down begging help, but could get none. Every body tells him he may thank himself for his fate, and that he is well enough served for his insatiable gormandizing. At last, with abundance of fair words, and a world of fine promises, he prevails upon a Crane to thrust her long bill and neck into his throat, and to pluck out the bone. The Crane consented, and drew out the bone very dextrously, and quickly. But when she asked for the reward

ward he had promised, the Wolf despised and laughed at her : Be gone, fool (said he) you owe me your life ; is not that reward enough ? Had I thought fit, you saucy bold slut, I could have bit off your head.

The MORAL.

Ungrateful men thus serve their benefactors : Instead of rewarding generous friendships and faithful services, it must pass for a favour that they do not return injuries and ruin, instead of just Requitals.

The benefits we sow on barren ground
Are lost. No harvest, no returns are found.
None can reward, or service hope to find
From an obdurate, base, unthankful mind.



17. *The WOLF and the LAMB.*

WHILE a Wolf was drinking at a spring, he spied a Lamb drinking
at

at the stream a good distance below him. He runs to the Lamb, and chides its grievously, for muddying the spring, and troubling the water. The poor Lamb trembled, and humbly besought him to be merciful to a harmless innocent creature: Adding, that as he was drinking a great way from him, and lower down the stream, he could not possibly disturb the water that the Wolf was drinking, and yet much less had he any thought to do so. The Wolf rails and thunders at him: Rascal! (says he) thou hadst as good hold thy prating; all thou sayest signifies nothing. Thou and all thy tribe are perpetual enemies to me and mine; and thou shalt now suffer for it, and make me some satisfaction.

The MORAL.

Might overcomes Right. And a defenceless Innocence is frequently oppressed by lawless Power.

The guilty Great, by arbitrary Might,
Oppress weak Innocence, and defenceless Right.

18. *The BOY and a THIEF.*

AN unlucky little Boy sat snivelling and crying at the side of a well; a sharping Thief steps up to him, and asks the poor Lad what he cried for. Alas! says he, the cord is broke, and my silver cup is dropt

dropt into the well. The Thief whips off his coat, and down he goes in quest of it, but lost his labour, and his own coat into the bargain : the young Rogue had bit the Biter, and run away with the Thief's coat.

The MORAL.

The Bush-beater is not always the Bird-catcher : They are deceived sometimes, that use to deceive others. Some are Cheats by natural propensity, more than by discipline, and it is a sort of satisfaction to see a Tricker tricked.

Wit is not to that vast perfection stretch'd,
But ev'n th' Art's Master sometimes is o'er-reach'd.
The best skill'd Sharpers in the thieving trade,
By young men, ev'n themselves the Cully's made.



19. *The EAGLE and the JACK DAW.*

AN Eagle, having got a shell-fish, and finding no way to come at the meat within

within it, a Jack Daw offers her advice, and persuades the Eagle to let fall the fish from on high upon a rock, by which means the shell of the fish would be broken. The hungry Eagle takes the sharpening Daw's advice, flies very high with the fish, and lets it fall upon a stone accordingly. The knavish Daw, who waited on the ground for the fall of the fish, snatches it up, and carries it off; the deluded Eagle in vain repining and storming at the cheat.

The MORAL.

Be careful whose Advice you take: For too many give Counsel merely for their own Interest, without any real Regard for those they advise.

Consider well when Counsel you receive;
Weigh both th' Advisers, and th' Advice they give.
Guard you, that none impose upon your Sense
With subtil Wiles, or grave Impertinence.
For many, by their Counsels, mean no more,
Than to enrich themselves, and leave thee poor.

20. *The TIGER, FOX, and HUNTSMAN.*

AS a Huntsman was pursuing his game, a Tiger comes up to the other Beasts, and commands them to their quarters: Let me alone to deal with the enemy, I will put an end to this war myself. The Huntsman shoots him, he is wounded and flies. But whilst he was trying to pull out the
arrow

arrow with his teeth, the Fox steps up to him, and asks who it could be that wounded such a fierce and-potent Beast? the Tiger answered, He knew not; but by the mortal cruel wound he had got, he judged it to be a Man.

The MORAL.

It is not good to be too presumptuous: Strong men are too apt to depend upon their Strength, and make rash Attempts; not rightly considering, that sometimes Policy goes beyond, and may overcome the greatest Force.

If Strength alone could carry every Cause,
Man had ne'er giv'n his sturdy Vassals Laws.
The Brutes had his supremacy disown'd,
And, Rebel like, long since their Lord dethron'd.
'Tis Management, and Strength; his Reason reigns,
And from that Power, alone, puts on their Chains.

21. *The BULL and a MOUSE.*

A Mouse nipped a Bull by the foot, and presently ran into her hole; the Bull in a fury tosses his head, and bounces up and down like mad, and stares about him, but could see no enemy. The Mouse peeps out of her hole, and laughs heartily to see the Bull in such a fury. Look you, now, Mr. Bull, for all you are so furious, so big, and blustering, it is only a poor silly Mouse, that has got the better of you; and if you would give your soul, you cannot hurt me, nor revenge yourself.

The

The MORAL.

Let no Man be too heedless of an Enemy, how contemptible soever he may be in appearance: The less he is regarded, the sooner he may do you a mischief: Therefore it is not prudent in great Men to despise them even of the lowest Rank.

*Let not the Mighty rage against the Mean;
For Fate may turn, and Fortune change the scene:
A mighty Champion, more bold than wise,
May suffer by the Man he did despise.*

22. *The COUNTRY MAN and JUPITER.*

A Country Man driving a waggon, had laid it fast in a deep miry way; he thereupon laid himself along on the ground, and cries for help to Hercules, and all his Fellow Gods. Why, you lazy blockhead, says the God to him, lash the horses, and set thy shoulder tightly to the wheel, and then call to me, and I will give thee a lift. The Gods are not apt to be like a Jack at a pinch, to drudge and slave for every lazy drone.

The MORAL.

Use honest Endeavours, and God will prosper them. Prayers without stout Industry, are commonly ineffectual. Every Man ought to do what he is able, and under an humble dependence, leave the issue to God. But we must not lie down in a ditch, and cry God help us.

Without

Without due Labour Prayers are in vain,
But these united Heaven's help obtain.
God hath for labour all things set to sale;
And sends relief, when human powers fail.



23. *The LION grown weak, and worn out with Age.*

A Lion, whose cruelty and fierceness, whilst youth and vigour lasted, had created him many enemies, was now punished for it, when grown weak with age. The beasts severally fall upon him: The Boar wounds him with his Tusks: The Bull goars him with his horns: Even the sluggish As, thinking to wipe off his old stain of stupid folly and laziness, insults him with ill words and kicks him lustily. At which the afflicted helpless Lion sighing said, Those
C whom

whom I formerly injured, now deservedly punish me; but methinks it is hard to be ill used in my distress by those who, whilst my health and strength lasted, durst not attempt it. And still more unkind to be ill used by them, to whom I had formerly shewed particular favours; but I was a fool, to make myself so many enemies; and still more foolish, in making so bad a choice of my friends.

The MORAL.

Be not insolent in Prosperity, lest in Adversity you be made to smart for it. Create no Enemies, if possible: But be very careful what Friendships you contract; for false Friends will wound you instead of serving you, in time of need and distress.

Let not the Mighty rage against the Mean;
For *Fate* may turn, and *Fortune* change the scene.
If that change happens, the once injur'd Weak
Their just revenge with usury will seek.
But in that state, 'tis barbarous for them,
That were well us'd, their helpless Patrons to
contemn.

Yet since such sordid Wretches are too rife,
Great men should, in their strength and power of life,
Resolve, among their settled rules and ends,
To make few Foes, and as few worthless Friends.

24. *The RAVEN and the FOX.*

A Raven, glad and proud of the prey she had gotten, was croaking and hopping about among the Boughs: A Fox, who perceived it, runs to her: Oh! Madam Raven, says he, I have often heard that common Fame is a common Liar; but now I am convinced of it: Common Fame reports you blacker than pitch; whereas indeed you are whiter than snow. In my opinion, you not only excel the beauty of Swans, but you equal the lustre of the brightest day. Most certainly, if the sweetness of your voice corresponds, as in all probability it does, to the beauty of your feathers, you ought to be esteemed and proclaimed Queen of Birds. The well flattered Raven, inticed and seduced by this artifice, resolves to give the Fox a taste of the charms of her voice: But as she

opened her bill to begin her song, the cheese dropped down, and the watchful Fox instantly snatched it up, and burst into a loud laughter at the cheated Raven. The poor deluded Bird sat silent, pensive, and ashamed for having been so grossly imposed on.

The MORAL.

All Men are more or less imposed on by Flattery. But by Wisdom and Virtue we are instructed, and enabled to avoid that common Snare.

Who loves to be lick'd up with oil of Fool,
To every flattering Knave becomes a Tool.
Vainglory, and fond love of empty praise,
Depress the judgment, and the passion raise.
Then Fancy, soaring with ungovern'd wings,
In little time, all in confusion brings.

Shun Flatterers; preserve thy reason free, [thee.
And keep sly fawning Rogues still distant far from



25. *The LION and the MOUSE.*

A Lion over-heated and tired in pursuit of his prey, was reposing himself in the shade

shade upon the grass: Being fallen asleep, he was waked by the running of Mice over his back. He rouses, and catches one of them. The Prisoner humbly implores his mercy and clemency, representing himself unworthy of the Lion's anger. The generous Lion, considering the foolish fault of so diminutive an animal was, indeed, beneath his Notice, releases the trembling Captive. Not long after, as the Lion was ranging the Forest, he fell into a snare. He roared and struggled in vain: There was no getting out. The Mouse chanced to hear him, knew his voice, and, remembering the mercy shewed him, hastens to the place, finds out the knots of the snare, gnaws them asunder, and gratefully rescues his former gracious Deliverer.

The MORAL.

Great Men are thus taught Clemency. The instability of human affairs is such, that the most mighty are not secure from revolutions, and may want the service of the meanest. Prudence, therefore, as well as Religion and Humanity, should incline Princes and Magistrates to mercy and commiseration.

As none can stop the Whirl of *Fortune's* Wheel,
 Princes may *Revolutions* fear and feel.
 In wisest Princes, therefore, still we find
 Compassion form'd, and reigning in the mind,
 Tempering their Passion, Power and Justice so,
 That unmeant faults no punishment shall know.
 The Weak thus sav'd by God-like Clemency,
 Sometimes so fortunately grateful be,
 Their great Preserver from distress to free. }

26. *The THUNNY and DOLPHIN.*

A Thunny flying from a Dolphin and just ready to be snapped up, thrust himself into the cranny of a rock; the Dolphin run full drift against the rock, and beat out his brains. The Thunny looking back, and seeing his Enemy expiring, breathed out these his last words: I now die with comfort, since he that is the cause of my death has met with the same fate.

The MORAL.

Company in Distress makes the Sorrow the less; especially when he that is the cause of our Ruin, is himself ruin'd.

To see the Author of our Ruin fall;
 Can there be Joy where Piety is small?

27. *The SICK KITE.*

A Kite falling dangerously ill, and apprehensive of death, begs of his Mother to intercede with the Gods by fervent prayer for him. The Mother replies, That he had no reason to hope for mercy from those Gods, whose altars he had so often sacrilegiously prophaned and robbed.

The MORAL.

We ought strictly to abstain from all Immoralities, but more especially from gross Enormities; lest, in our deep Distress, Heaven should prove deaf to all our Supplications.

Let none in Health and Wealth forget to raise
 Their grateful Hearts to Heav'n, in ardent Praise;
 Lest, if so just a Duty they neglect,
 Heav'n, in their Troubles, all their Vows reject.

28. *The* COVETOUS MAN *and an*
ENVIOUS.

A Covetous Man, and an Envious, petition Jupiter by consent, who sent Apollo to tell them that their request should be granted, with this proviso, or condition, that whatsoever the one asked, should be doubled to the other. The Covetous Man paused a while, considering what to ask, seeing it was to be doubled to his Companion: And at last he asked several things, which were immediately doubled. The Envious Man's turn was next, who requested Jupiter, that one of his own eyes might be plucked out, that his Companion might lose both.

The MORAL.

Envy is never dead, nor Covetousness ever contented. These two Vices are never satisfied, the one with Gold, the other with Malice and Mischief.

Envy and Avarice are Twins of Hell;
Only by different ways their souls they sell;
That, to enrich himself, *takes* from another,
To pile his own gold heap can rob his Brother:
But *This*, his left-hand favours *gives*; can bear
Even plagues himself to lend his Foe a share.

29. *The SWALLOW and other BIRDS.*

THE Swallow gave general notice to the Birds, that men were going to sow Hemp and Flax; from which nets and snares would be made for the destruction of Birds: And therefore advises them, to pick up the seed as soon as it was sown. The Birds despise her admonition; make a jest of her; and call her an impertinent foolish Prophet. The Hemp and Flax grew up; and being almost ripe, the Swallow again importunes the Birds to spoil the ripening crop. They again despise and laugh at her. Upon this she forsakes their Society, as of unthinking Birds, and applies herself to men; implores their protection; lives among them; and pays them the willing tribute of her chearful song. Thus she escapes; and nets and snares are made for the rest.

The MORAL.

The thoughtless Crowd condemn wise Admonition; branding those that advise them for their good with the odious imputation of being wild and vain Projectors. Thus they justly perish by their own wilful Folly; and the Wise escape, by adhering to Reason and Admonition.

The Stupid neither will their interest see;
 Nor by advice of Friends will guided be.
 Till overwhelm'd at last by oft-warn'd fate,
 They feel their error, and grow wise too late.



30. *The FROGS petitioning for a KING.*

A Colony of Frogs, who were a free People, became earnest Solicitors to Jupiter for a King. The God laughs at their nonsense, and in pity denies their foolish prayer: They persist in their supplications, and tire him with importunities. He throws down a great log to them: The fall of it made such a noise, and so dashed and troubled the waters, that the affrighted Frogs stood silent and amazed, and with humble reverence did homage to their King. But, by degrees,

degrees, they approach nigher and nigher; and at last, throwing off all respect and fear, they leap upon it, and make a scorn and may-game of their stupid and senseless King. They a second time put up repeated prayers for an active and valiant King: Whereupon Jupiter sends them a Stork. He proudly marches about the Fen, devouring such Frogs as came in his way. They complain of the cruelty of this Tyrant: But all in vain: Jupiter gives no ear to them. To this very day they continue their murmuring complaints. Every evening, when the Stork retires to bed, they creep out of their holes, and croak together their hoarse lamentations to as little purpose as ever: Jupiter refusing to remove a Tyrant from the foolish Frogs, who could neither know the happiness of their own original natural liberty, nor be content with a mild and gentle King.

The MORAL.

The unbinking unconstant Vulgar are mutable and unstable as Air and Water, and thirst after endless Change; are never contented with their present Condition: They are therefore justly abandoned to lament the smart that they draw upon themselves by their obstinate folly.

The restless Mob a gentle Prince despise;
 Till some fierce Tyrant makes 'em to be wise.
 Then they implore for their first state again;
 But Heav'n's averse: They importune in vain.
 Justly the Rod to those mad Fools is sent,
 Who murmur at indulgent Government.



31. *The THIEF and the DOG.*

AN honest watchful Dog rejected with scorn and indignation the proffer of bread that a Thief made him. Thou offerest me thy deceitful Bribe, said he, in vain. I know thy treacherous Design; should I accept of it, and cease my barking, to eat it, thou wouldst carry off my Master's goods: But I'll prevent thee.

The

The MORAL.

A just, faithful Servant, will listen to no Temptation, nor be corrupted by Bribes; nor suffer any injury to be done to his Master's Person or Estate.

That Servant that will just and faithful be,
Must strictly keep from every Present free,
Whereby his Master's Goods, or Family,
Might meet with any sort of injury.

32. *The SATYR and the HUNTER.*

A Satyr, who was once thought to be the God of the Woods, found a Traveller, overblown with snow, and almost frozen to death: Out of pity he took him into his cave, and set him by a warm fire. The man blew his warm breath on his fingers, and the Satyr asked him the reason of it: Why, says he, I do it to warm them. Afterwards the Satyr observed him to blow his broth; he again asked him, What he did that for? Oh! says he, tis to cool my pottage, for they are too hot for me. How now, says the Satyr, can and do you blow hot and cold out of the same mouth? I'll have nothing more to do with you; I don't like your double dealing, therefore be gone out of my house.

The

The MORAL.

Truth is always like itself; never carries two faces. He is no good Companion, nor fit to be trusted, that changes with the wind, that trims between both Parties, without any regard to Truth and Justice.

Deal not with him, nor think he can be civil,
Who can blow hot or cold, is Saint, or Devil.

33. *The WOLF and the SOW.*

A Wolf officiously proffers his service to nurse a lying-in Sow, and to take care of the Pigs. The Lady in the straw thanks him for his love; but tells him, his service can stand her in no stead: But if he was really desirous to do her a pleasure, he could do it no way so well, as by his absence. His greatest obligation would be his greatest distance.

The

The MORAL.

Be wisely cautious whom you trust. Many seem very obsequious to serve you, who secretly mean nothing but their own gain, at the price of your loss, or destruction.

Many their Service offer, who intend
Only their own Affairs, not thine, to mend;
Be careful, then, whose Offers you receive,
You must not all men equally believe.

34. *The CROW and the PITCHER.*

A Crow, being very thirsty, found a Pitcher that had some water in it; the mouth of the Pitcher being narrow, and the water low towards the bottom, he could not come at it. He tried to break the vessel, but had not strength enough, nor could he overturn it. What he could not do by Force, he effects by Stratagem and Contrivance. Immediately he picks up a sufficient quantity of small stones, and fills up the Pitcher till he had raised the water within his reach, and then drinks plentifully.

The MORAL.

Wisdom is better than Strength. Brutes have a natural Instinct, which many times imitates Reason, and may teach Mankind the free use and exercise of Reason, which is their proper faculty.

If Brutes, in feeding, Reason imitate,
Much more ought Men do Good, and Evil hate.

35. *The*



35. *The MOUNTAIN in LABOUR.*

A Mountain, vastly swelled, laboured with violent and painful throws. The neighbourhood stood amazed, and in suspense, expecting some strange prodigy, or dreadful monster. At last the mighty Mountain is delivered, and brings forth a little Mouse. The standers-by change their silent, anxious attention, into loud laughing, and universal derision.

The MORAL.

Vain Boasting, vain Fears, and mighty Expectations, on weak or uncertain grounds, are justly and equally ridiculed by this Fable.

A mighty Boaster very oft brings forth
A Trifle; little, almost nothing worth.

36. *The*

36. *The COUNTRYMAN and the BOAR.*

A Watchful Country Farmer having caught a Boar destroying his corn, cut off one of his ears : He napp'd him a second time, and cut off the other. But upon the third trespass, he made a present of him to his Landlord. They killed him, and when they opened his head, they found no brains there, which made them wonder, and the Master made no small stir about it, and examined his Cook for them. Sir, says the Farmer, it is no wonder you find no brains in his skull, for I believe he never had any, otherwise he would not have been so mad to come so oft into my corn, after he had paid so dear for it. This pert answer of Mr. Countryman put an end to the dispute, and the company into a fit of laughter.

The MORAL.

Every Block won't make a Jupiter; nor are all Heads Repositories for Reason. Some are so stupid and undocible, that no punishment will be a warning, and are utterly void of all Understanding.

Some men so brutal are, all Hope is past,
Who Reason first destroy, and Life at last.

37. *The*



37. *The HARES and the FROGS.*

A Violent tempest raging in the woods with an universal fury, so terrified the trembling fearful Hares, that they began to run away with all the speed they could. A fen in their way obstructed their flight. They stand still, anxious and doubtful what they should do. Danger surrounds them. The sight of the Frogs, lying under water, augments their fears. At last one of the Hares, who was wiser and more courageous than the rest, says, Why are we terrified with such panick fear? We ought to have more resolution, and endeavour to add courage to our nimbleness. This tempestuous wind, though it cannot be avoided, yet it ought to be neglected, or, however, to be borne with.

The

The MORAL.

Courage and Resolution is the spirit and soul of Virtue: Virtue languishes without it, but servile Fear equally vitiates and enfeebles both Wisdom and Virtue.

In Troubles let not Fear commit a rape
Upon your mind; Fear hinders all escape.
If Doubt depresses, one must captive be;
'Tis Courage only teaches to be free.

38. *The PHYSICIAN and the DEAD MAN.*

A Physician being invited to his Patient's funeral, says very gravely, If this man had abstained from wine, and used emollient clysters, he might have lived many years. Ah! Doctor, (says one of the company very wittily) your counsel would be good, but it comes too late.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel never comes too late: If it comes too late, it ceases to be good. Silence in the Doctor had been much more commendable. It is a piece of mockery to give Counsel out of season; and, when a man is undone, to make him the cause of his own ruin, is to aggravate his misery.

When things are done, advice comes in too late;
And gives offence, by being out of date.

39. *The*

39. *The COUNTRY MAN and the SNAKE.*

A Certain Countryman, who had bred up a Snake in his house, and used it for a long time with great kindness and hospitality, one day, in a violent passion, struck it with a club. The Snake was wounded, but made a shift to get away. It happened afterwards that the Countryman grew poor, and thought his poverty was a judgment upon him, for the injury he had done the Snake. In this persuasion he finds out the Snake, acknowledges the wrong he had done him, begs his pardon, and intreats him to return to his house. The Snake replies, that he freely forgave the former injury done him, but desired to be excused renewing the cohabitation; representing very plainly, that in point of Prudence he could not do it, there being no safe living with a man whose

Pas-

Passions were too strong for his Patience, and who was so well armed to execute the Dictates of his wrath; adding further, That though the smart, and even the scar of the wounds was vanished, and though his resentment of the injury was well allayed, yet the remembrance of it was still fresh, and firmly impressed on his mind.

The MORAL.

An Ass won't fall into the same Hole twice. We ought to pardon repented wrongs; but yet Prudence requires, that we expose not ourselves a second time, if we can handsomely avoid repeating the Danger.

That Injuries receiv'd may pardon'd be,
Religion tells, and all good Men agree:
But still there's nothing hinders from the care
Of falling twice into the self-same Snare.



40. *The KID and the WOLF.*

A She-Goat, very fond and tender of her Kid, carefully shut it up when she

went out to feed, strictly enjoining the young Kid not to open the door to any body till herself came back. A Wolf, who stood at some distance, overhears it, and when the Dam had been gone some little time, comes to the door, and artfully counterfeiting the She-Goat's voice, bids the Kid open the door. The wary Kid, discovering the cheat, replies, Excuse me, I shall not open the door; your voice is indeed like my Mother's, but I can see a Wolf through the chinks.

The MORAL.

The Obedience of Children to their Parents tends to the Childrens Happiness, as their Disobedience commonly ends in their Destruction.

'Tis Childrens Duty Parents to obey :
Who strictly keep that Rule, most happy they :
But such as roam at their own headstrong Will,
Snare quickly hamper into Ruin still.

41. *The DAW, with a STRING at its FOOT.*

A Country Fellow caught a Daw, and tied a String to its Leg, and gave it his Son to play withal : But not liking his Company, when an Opportunity offered, he gave them the slip, and away he fled to the woods, where, by means of the String, he was entangled and fettered, and at last starved, with this lamentation and dying speech : Wo is me, wretch that I am ! who, rather than endure

endure a little servitude and confinement among men, have unawares been the author of my own ruin.

The MORAL.

Men ought to take all well that Heaven bestows. No repining at Providence. Some, whilst they are uneasy under, and won't bear with small troubles, and be chearful under cross dispensations, often fall into extreme misery, and irretrievable ruin. Government of the mind, not the place, or circumstance, can make a person happy or unhappy.

More or less happiness a man may find
In any state, just as he rules his mind.
But he that common troubles cannot bear,
Instead of better fortune, worse may fear.



42. *The HART and the SHEEP.*

A Hart, in presence of a Wolf, demands a bushel of wheat of a Sheep, pretending
it

it a debt. The Sheep, for fear of the Wolf, owns the debt, and appoints a day for payment: When the day comes the Hart reminds the Sheep of his promise; the Sheep denies it, excusing himself, because the promise was extorted from him, by the presence and terror of the Wolf: And extorted promises are mere nullities.

The MORAL.

The Innocent ought not to be tricked into Snares. All demands founded upon fraud or force may very justly be contested, and avoided.

Force not by Fear. No Justice will allow
To prosecute for an extorted Vow.
All Contracts must be made with liberty,
For Force, or Fraud makes them a nullity.

43. JUPITER *and* FRAUD.

JUPITER prescribes and orders Mercury to make up a composition of Fraud, Lying, Hypocrisy, &c. The medicine being nicely prepared, Mercury gave large plentiful doses to all the Artificers, which they all swallowed as glib and smooth as oil, yet there was a great deal of the confection left, which they wondered at: But upon examining the numbers, there chanced to be a mistake made, the TAYLORS were left out in the LIST. So that Mercury, to make short work on it, gave double or treble doses to
the

the TAYLORS. And from hence comes the Proverb: *There is cheating in all trades, but most in TAYLORS.*

The MORAL.

Mankind are generally addicted to cheat and deceive. All Trade and Commerce is but cheating one another by consent. Some arts or employments are said to have more cozenage in them, or belonging to them, than others: But that may seem to be, or arise from an opportunity to affect, rather than any real difference in the natures of them.

A byas, fix'd by Nature on Mankind,
Has all, for profit, to deceive inclin'd.

44. *The HUNTING-DOG hated by his MASTER.*

A Hunting Dog, excellently good in kind, but worn out with age, was eagerly put on Game by his greedy Master. The Dog's will and courage was good; but time had deprived him of strength and speed. In vain his Master strives to cheer him on; he could not play his part as formerly. The willing Dog had one day laid hold on a Stag; but wanting teeth, the Stag broke from him. His Master fell into a rage, and rates him furiously with words and blows. The Dog replies, That by right he ought to be pitied and pardoned, because of age; for in his youth he had been strong, and wanted no
D Will,

Will, Skill, Courage, or Success. But nothing but gain, I find, must be esteemed. You loved me when I was young, and found you Sport and filled you with Game: But now you hate me, being grown old, weak, slow, and toothless. But might Justice and Gratitude take place, you should cherish me in my old age, for the profitable service I have done you in my youth.

The MORAL.

It is a crying Injustice, and a black Ingratitude, to abuse or neglect those in their old Age, who have worn out their youth and strength usefully in our service.

To talk of service past, is all in vain,
There's nothing valu'd, but the present gain.



45. *The Fox and the STORK.*

A Stork was invited by a Fox, with much seeming kindness, to come and sup with

with him. The Fox receives his Guest with all imaginable civility, bids him heartily welcome, and prays him to fall to. The entertainment provided, is poured upon the table: But the provision made, being thin and fluid, diffuses itself in such a manner, as made it impossible for the Stork to eat any of it. While the Stork makes vain efforts at eating, the Fox licks up all. The poor deluded Bird departs hungry, ashamed, and vexed at the abuse; but wisely concealed his anger. After some time, the Stork makes a kind invitation to the Fox, to come and sup with him. When the Fox came, he found a vessel of glass filled with meat standing ready upon the table; but the glass having a long neck, the Stork easily fed through it with its long bill; while the Fox could only look at the good Cheer, without being able to taste it.

The MORAL.

Trickers are sometimes trick'd, either falling into their own snares, or justly suffering by the Law of Retaliation.

Men laugh at Cheaters chous'd, at Nickers nick'd:
At jibing Mockers mock'd, and sharpening Trickers
trick'd.

46. *The Two ENEMIES.*

TWO surly Fellows, that mortally hated one another, happening to sail together in the same ship; the Master being made acquainted with it, placed one of them at the stern, the other on the fore-deck. A tempestuous sea arising, the storm being very dangerous, and the ship in great hazard, the Crew expecting every moment its sinking; he that was on the fore-castle, asked the Master what part of the ship would sink first? The stern, replied the Master: Well then, (says the man) my death won't be grievous, when I see my Enemy die before me.

The MORAL.

Revenge is sweet: But it is a miserable sort of satisfaction, and wretched kind of pleasure, which is purchased at so dear a rate, as the loss of a man's life. Forgiveness is a far better and more eligible way or manner of revenge, and will be attended with greater pleasure and satisfaction in the end.

He that will venture life, or chuse to die
To get Revenge, gives't to his Enemy.

47. *The JACK-DAW.*

A Jack-Daw despising the plainness of her Tribe, and emulating the beauty and grandeur of the Peacock kind, stuck herself up with Peacock feathers, and became most wonderfully fine, and, as she vainly thought, a new and glorious Bird. Swelled big with pride at her gay plumes, and disdaining her old Companions, she keeps company with none but Peacocks. They in a little time discover the fraud, and mocking and disdaining the fond ambition of the foolish Bird, stripped her of all her borrowed pomp, and beat her away, with many unpitied wounds, and universal scorn.

The MORAL.

Thus we are admonished to content ourselves with our own condition. The vain aspiring of
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an irregular and ill-concerted ambition, serves only to strip us naked, and expose us to the contempt of those, whose higher state we vainly aimed at.

'Tis vain and mean to borrow to be fine:
But with stol'n Plumes 'tis worse to strut and shine.
If Nature does no in-born worth bestow,
Content thyself to be obscure and low.



The PIGEONS, KITE and HAWK.

48.

THE Pigeons in time past had long and bloody wars with the Kite: In order to conquer him, they elected the Hawk to be their King. The Hawk being settled in his Throne, acts the part of an Enemy, instead of shewing himself the Shepherd of the Flock, and Father of his Country: He preys upon the Pigeons worse than the Kite did.

The

The Pigeons repent their inconsiderate election of a King: Finding, by sad experience, the depredations of the Kite to be far more tolerable than the tyranny of the Hawk.

The MORAL.

Unhappy state of harmless Innocence! Worried by Rapine from abroad, and devoured by destructive Tyranny at home.

Unhappy state! Where Enemies oppress;
And he that shou'd protect, destroys no less.

The People blindly turning from one ill,
Led on by thoughtless heedless crowds and noise,
Fall on another, and a greater still,
For want of wisdom to direct their choice.

49. *The FLY.*

A Thirsty Fly reaching from the top edge of a pot, full of victuals and drink, fairly tumbles into it; all hopes of saving her life vanishing, and that she must inevitably be drowned, Well, said she, I have drank plentifully, and have eat my belly full, I have washed myself from head to foot; and have got enough of every thing: I die with a contented mind.

The MORAL.

What cannot be cured must be endured. It is great prudence to bear with courage what we cannot avoid. This is to make a virtue of necessity;

cessity; and if patience is not a perfect cure, yet it lessens the pain, and is a very commendable virtue.

Use means, and when you cannot flee from *Death*,
With courage and content resign your breath.



50. *The WOLF and the HEAD of Carver's Work.*

A Wolf, who had stumbled by chance upon a Carver's shop, finds a man's head in it, of exquisite workmanship. He turns it about, views and considers every part thereof, and stands amazed at it. But perceiving it was void of sense; Lovely head! said he, How wonderful hadst thou been, hadst thou contained as much life within thee, as there hath been art and skill employed upon thee!

The

The MORAL.

Beauty without Sense is of little value, and quickly loses its esteem; but when Sense and Beauty are united, the wonder is not great, little less than wonders are sometimes surprizingly effected.

Weak are the soft allurements of the face,
 Unless the mind have more than equal grace.
 External Beauty, time and chance invade;
 But Virtue's charms endure; they never fade:
 The foolish Fair into contempt will fall;
 But firm wise Virtue triumphs over all.

51. *The CALF and the Ox.*

A Delicate fat Calf, that was idle and did nothing, seeing an Ox hard at work, jeered the poor Ox for being such a slave; and says to him, What would you give to be so smooth, so fat, and plump, and live at ease, as I do? for I fare deliciously and do nothing. The poor tired Ox took notice of these reflections, but answered with silence. A short time after, as the Ox was going on his accustomed labour, he spies the Calf taken up, and was immediately to be killed for a sacrifice: How now, Mrs. Pert, says the Ox, your fine lazy Life has brought you to this hasty end! You did not work because you were to be butchered; What would you now give to be as I am?

The MORAL.

Of idleness comes no goodness. Vain and foolish pleasures are to be avoided; they always

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leave a sting behind. 'Tis too often the case of rich and great man, that the advantages they boast of, and glory in, are very often the cause of their ruin.

The labouring State's most healthy and secure,
But Men of Pleasure pain at last endure.



52. *The LION, an Ass, and a Fox.*

A Lion, an Ass, and a Fox, went a hunting together, and took a delicate fat Stag. The Lion bids the Ass divide it; he innocently cuts it into three equal shares; and gives his Fellow-hunters the liberty of chusing. The Lion fell into a violent passion, and tore the Ass to pieces, and then commanded the Fox to divide the spoil. He (subtile knave) joins the three parts together, and gave it all to the Lion, and scarcely saved any thing for himself. The
Lion,

Lion, pleased with Reynard's way of dividing the prey, asked him, Who taught him to carve so neatly? Why truly, says the Fox, an Ass was my master; and his error set me to rights.

The MORAL.

Many go out for wool, but come home shorn. Happy is he that takes warning by the sufferings of others. The Conscience of a Knave is Policy. A great man, and a great river, are often ill neighbours. There's no striving against the power of the one, nor the impetuous force of the other; for might overcomes right.

Men gain their ends by power, or subtle art;
Some play the Ass's, most the Fox's part.
Learn from the Ass and Fox more sense and wit;
The bold are prosperous, while the tame submit.



53. *The LIONESS and the Fox.*

A She Fox would jeer a Lioness, and cast it in her teeth that she was a barren

sort of a creature, because she brought forth but only one whelp at a birth. Very true, says the Lioness, only one; but that one is a Lion.

The MORAL.

Worth does not consist so much in number, as in real goodness. One eye-witness is worth a thousand ear-witnesses. One Lark is worth two Kites. Good council with just conduct, will do more with a few, than thousands can under ill and disorderly management.

In Goodness, not in Number, Worth appears:
The Sun outshines a multitude of Stars.

54. *The LION in Love.*

A Lion fell desperately in love with a handsome young Country Wench; and asked her Father's consent to marry her: The four old Fellow answered the Lion in the negative, and gives this for a reason, He would not have such a voracious beast to a Son-in-law. Upon which the imperious Lion frowned, and shewed his teeth; which at least frightened the Countryman into a seeming compliance, and offered the Lion his Daughter, upon condition that he would pull out his teeth, and cut off his terrible claws: For, said he, the Girl cannot endure the sight of them. The Lion, up to the ears in love, readily consents to it; he pulls out his teeth, and cuts off his nails, and then demands his Bride. But the Father, seeing the Lion disarmed, took a stout
tough

tough oaken towel, and rubs down the Lion, till he had cooled his courage, and broke off the match with club argument.

The MORAL.

He that surrenders himself to his Enemy, has neither Sense nor Safety. He that is over head and ears in Love, cannot see approaching Dangers that are in his way. Love is blind, credulous, and inconsiderate; and where this foolish Passion prevails, Fortune, Reputation, and Life itself, fall a sacrifice to it.

He that gives up his Arms to Foe or Friend,
Resigns his Strength, that should his Life defend;
The Rich and Poor such Follies will commit,
When frantic Love does overthrow the Wit.



55. *The CAT and the MICE.*

MRS. Puss having intelligence of a certain house that was haunted with an abundance of Mice, marches to the place, and made havock among them. The Mice per-

perceiving their numbers lessen, and that some or other of them were daily destroyed, call a General Council, and resolve, *nemine contradicente*, that not a Mouse, for the future, should go down stairs, lest, by such adventures, they should all go to pot. As soon as Madam Puss understood this, she has this whim comes in her noddle; she hangs herself up by her feet, upon a pin in the wall, like a skin stuffed with straw, with her head in a very demure posture, seemingly without life or motion. A Mouse peeping down, and seeing the Cat in that plight, Oh! Madam Puss, says she, if I thought there was no more of the Cat than her skin, I would take one turn with you. As soon as Puss had her within her reach, she snapped her up at once, letting her understand, that things are not always in Reality, what they are in external Appearance.

The MORAL.

Though the Cat winks, she is not blind. A prudent Man being once deceived, will beware of, and soon discover feigned deceitful Pretences. He that is twice cheated by the same Man, cheats himself.

The man that does not try before he trusts,
May fall a Victim to another's Lusts.
Efforts impracticable to essay
Are but mere Vapour, Breath, all thrown away.
The Will alone's a feeble Counsellor;
Council to execute's the Work of Power.

56. *The APE and the FOX.*

GRim Death having snatch'd away from the Beasts their King, they summon a General Assembly of the Brutes. The mimic Ape danced so curiously and fine among them, that, by a general consent, he was chosen King. The subtle, envious Fox being very chagrined at the Ape's election, tells the new chosen King, That he had found hidden treasure in a certain place, (which treasure was a trap, set in a ditch,) but that himself durst not meddle with it, it being your Majesty's royalty. But, Sir, (says Reynard,) I shall carry you to the place, to take possession of it yourself. The Ape rashly lays hold on the bait, but the trap snaps his fingers. The Ape, in a fury, calls him Traitor. You are more a Fool, replies the Fox, that pretend to govern a King-

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Kingdom, and ha'n't wit enough to save your own fingers.

The MORAL.

Men of Understanding, and strong Consideration, are fittest to rule and govern: Men of weak Intellectuals never want subtle, cunning Knaves to play upon their weakness. Regal Authority ought never to be intrusted with Fools, or Knaves; the former will expose it to Contempt and Scorn, and the latter (too often,) to the prejudice, if not the ruin, of the Governed.

That Novice will not long his Honour save,
That may be led by any crafty Knaves;
And he that for himself has no more wit,
Much less to govern others will be fit.



57. *The LION and the GOAT.*

A Lion having spied a plump fat Goat browsing upon a high rock, uses many plausible arguments, and flattering fine words,

words, to persuade her to come down, and feed in the green, pleasant, odoriferous meadow, where there was plenty of sweet delicious grass. I admire your fine words, and like that dainty provision very well, (says the Goat,) but your presence imbitters all those sweets. You persuade me not so much for my own benefit, as the hope you have, by your flattering persuasions, to fill your belly with delicious Goat's flesh: But assure yourself I am for a life of Safety, let who will take the life of Pleasure.

The MORAL.

He that trusteth not, cannot be deceived. It is far better to live upon hard Commons, than to enjoy Pleasure and Plenty without Security. Let the invitations and arguments be never so plausible and cogent, be careful how you trust to the Advice of a professed Enemy.

Observe your Foe, and stand upon your Watch;

Let Prudence save you from an Over-match.

Trust not fair Words; of pleasant Things beware;

Temptation leads into a deadly Snare.

58. *The ASS and JUPITER.*

AN Ass that served a Gardener, was hard wrought, and poorly fed, begged of Jupiter to get him another Master. Jupiter ordered him to be sold to a Porter, who loaded the Ass unreasonably with clay and bricks, &c. The Ass again beseeches Jupiter, and is turned over to a Tanner, who drubs

drubs and works him worse than ever. The Ass thus laments his misery: I shall be wrought to death, and that won't serve neither; for my very hide must not only be curried now, but tanned afterwards.

The MORAL.

Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Men ought to take all well that God sends; that's the best way to mend our Misery. He that repines at that Condition, or State of Life, that Providence sees meet or best for him, arraigns the Divine Wisdom, and deserves no Reward but Punishment.

Take thy mean Lot, and the great Giver thank,
Nor try new Chances, lest thou draw'st a Blank.
Trying to mend, how oft are Fortunes marr'd?
Heav'n has this comfort for all States prepar'd,
Knowing our worst, makes ills themselves less hard. }



59. *The Ass and the Horse.*

A Poor starved Ass having taken notice of a brisk young Horse, how he

was cloyed with plenty of choice foods, ease, and attendance, thought his condition of life very happy, and his own as miserable: For, says he, I labour and drudge excessively, and am poorly fed, and rib-roasted into the bargain. A short time after, a war broke out; the high-pampered Horse was mounted by a Soldier, and unfortunately killed in battle; at which accident the Ass was moved with pity, and had ever after a better opinion of his own state and condition of life than he had before.

The MORAL.

Never envy another's happiness, nor repine that Providence has placed thee in a lower sphere. He that places his happiness in the gaudy outside appearances of things transitory, will certainly meet with Disappointments, not having considered the invaluable Blessings of an humble and mean State, or Degree of Life.

View not the Great with a repining eye,
When at their heads such bolts of ruin fly.
Nor thy own State condemn, because 'tis poor;
The Cut-throat visits not thy humble door.



60. *The CAMEL and JUPITER.*

A Young stout but discontented Camel, complained bitterly that Bulls, Lions, and other Beasts, were adorned and guarded with horns and claws, &c. but that he had no weapons to defend himself, but was exposed to the insults of other creatures. He thereupon heartily begs of Jupiter to make him a horned Beast. The God laughs at his folly, and not only denies his request, but orders his ears to be cropped.

The MORAL.

We ought not to murmur at Providence. Every Creature has its own Excellency. To dictate to the Divine Power, to desire to alter the Course of wise Nature, is an impeachment of the Divine Perfections.

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The Maker best his Workmanship can fashion;
 Then ask not Heaven to mend its own Creation.
 The Clay t'arraign the Potter is too bold,
 Nor will the High Dispenser be controul'd.

61. *The CRANE and her YOUNG.*

AN indulgent Crane lodged her Young Ones amongst the standing corn, and commands them to take notice who came by, and what discourse they had about the harvest whilst she was absent. When she returned, they told her, (not without some fear,) that the owner of the ground had ordered his neighbours to reap the corn. Well, said the old Crane, there's no danger yet. Another day they told her, that he had desired his friends to do the work. You're safe enough still, said she again. But upon the third day, when they heard that the Master and his Son had resolved to come themselves the next morning: Now, says she, it is time to be jogging; I feared neither Neighbours nor Friends, because they are apt to be negligent or indifferent in other people's affairs, but I am sure the Master will come, because it is his own business, and his own interest is served in the performance.

The MORAL.

The Master's Eye makes the Horse fat. Every man ought to take care of, and mind his own Business.

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Business, if he would have it well done, and not trust to Friends, or Servants; for they too often neglect his, while they narrowly eye their own Interest and Advantage.

He that would have his Bus'ness prosper, must
More to himself, than Friends or Servants, trust.



62. *The Two POTS.*

TWO Pots, the one of brass, the other of clay, being set near the shore, a wave comes surging from the river, and sweeps them both in. The Clay Pot made away from the Brass, because the Brass was too hard metal for the other, and, if they should meet, some uncertain surge might dash the Clay Pot to-pieces. Oh! no, says the Brass Pot, let us by no means part; let us keep together; fear nothing; I'll do you no damage. No, no, says the Clay Pot, though

though you mean to do me no hurt, yet an uncertain wave may beat us together, and I shall be the certain and only sufferer; therefore my safest course is to keep at a due distance from you.

The MORAL.

Contrary qualities always disagree. It is better to live with one's Equals, than with or by a too potent Neighbour, or Ally. A mighty Man may be troublesome or dangerous to you, but he is in no danger from you.

Trust not that strength may thy own weakness dash,
Equals with Equals match'd, do rarely clash:
In a well-match'd Society rejoice,
Too great a Neighbour is a dang'rous choice.



63. *The LION and BULLS.*

FOUR Bulls entered into a league, and swore to stand by one another with Life and Fortune, to resist the common enemy.
The

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The Lion, very hungry, spies them feeding, and longed for a piece of delicious beef, but durst not attack them so long as they kept all together; but by subtle methods he at last finds means to break the confederacy, which obtained, they became an easy prey to his voracious maw.

The MORAL.

A threefold Cord is not easily broken. Union makes a nation strong, invincible, and victorious. Without Union, no Society nor collected Body, can be long happy.

Monarchs united eas'ly may defeat
One raging Tyrant, tho' he's ne'er so great:
But if unwisely they divide, and fight
Asunder, to assert each other's right,
The Tyrant, meeting then with less controul,
Conquers a Part, till he subdues the Whole.

64. *The PINE-TREE and SHRUBS.*

A Pine-tree despised the Shrubs, and set out its own praise and merit to the highest degree: I am, says he, noble, tall, and lofty, and am employed in building large spacious houses, and swift sailing ships, and you shrubs are low, and pitiful, and fit for little. The Shrubs answered, You pride yourself, and magnify your own worth and merit, and insult over our worthlessness and incapacity; but you don't give the least hint of any ill or imperfection in yourself
and

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and willingly omit that good that is really in us. But when the sharp keen ax comes, and sounds a knell at your root, what would you not then give to be in our low, humble, secure condition?

The MORAL.

There's no Convenience without its Inconvenience. In every Condition of Life there's a mixture of Good and Evil; therefore 'tis very rude and indecent to boast of our happy and flourishing Estate, or to despise the mean and low Estate of our depressed Neighbours.

Let no man those of humble rank despise,
Well knowing his own height and grandeur lies
Expos'd to all those envious shocks of Power,
From which a mean Condition stands secure.



65. The FLY and the ANT.

A Fly disputing pre-eminence with the Ant, boasted his own Nobility, and
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high birth, affirming the glorious fun to be his father : He also insisted upon his soaring and sporting at his pleasure in the pure and open air, by the power of his vigorous and active wings ; adding, that he lived in Kings Palaces, and was nourished with wine and delicate fare, and yet was neither at cost nor labour for all this dignity, peculiar favour, and happiness ; but disdained the Ant as an ignoble creature, that kept creeping below, in little sordid holes, in the vile earth, drinking nothing but water, and gnawing a little raw corn to support life. The Ant replied, That his condition, tho' neither splendid nor exalted, was not ignoble ; much less was it despicable ; and, such as it was, it was easy and grateful to him, and he was contented with it. He reproached the Fly for living a loose, wandering, and vagabond life, while himself was a good substantial House-keeper, and had a known and fixed habitation : He added, that pure water, and wholesome corn, were far more healthy than sophisticated wine, and pernicious mixtures of over-dainty provisions, and were full as delicious to him, as those boasted delicacies were to the Fly ; and that his homely fare was still the more sweet and welcome to him, for being obtained by honest labour and industry, and not by idleness and play. Besides all this,

this, continued the Ant, I find myself chearful, secure, beloved, and admired. I am set for an emblem and pattern of laborious industry, and provident good husbandry, carefully laying up in summer my winter stores and provisions; whereas you Flies are hated and despised, in continual danger of your lives, and considered only as so many foolish representations of wanton, fickle impertinence, and idle, thoughtless nonsense: You live but from hand to mouth, exposed to continual dangers, and are sure to die in the winter.

The MORAL.

This Fable shews the just superiority of provident Industry and Temperance, to Luxury, supine Carelessness, and Idleness. It warns us also against vain-glorious boasting of ourselves, and despising others, who possibly, when matters are rightly stated, may be found to have more Excellencies, and fewer Defects and Imperfections, than ourselves.

The fluttering Beau, in Noise and Nonsense lost,
Does of his glittering Tinsel vainly boast;
Doating on's Outside, the conceited Elf
Insults the Sober, and admires Himself.
But all the knowing world the Fop despise,
And scorn the Fool that hates to be made wise;
While frugal Industry, that lives retir'd,
By Men of Sense is valu'd and admir'd.

66. *The OAK and the REED.*

A Sturdy Oak, blown down by a strong wind, tumbled into a river, and was carried away by the stream; but as it swam along, it was accidentally lodged by the shore side, near some Reeds standing there upright, at which the Oak wondered. The Reed replied, That her good-nature, humble yielding, and flexible temper, made her root secure from all such violent gusts, and extraordinary acts of violence, by bending thereto; but it is no wonder that a sturdy Oak should fall, which is so stiff, that it will rather break than bend.

The MORAL.

No difficulties nor violences so insuperable, but a prudent Condescension surmounts. A pliable Temper is always safe and easy, and has this great advantage attending it, that it creates

no Enemies, nor seldom wants Friends; whilst a stubborn, inflexible Humour, creates to itself Enemies, and resists them to its own destruction.

Gentle Compliance bears the stormiest shocks,
When stubborn Obstinacy splits on rocks:
So the soft woolpack is by cannon-balls
Less hurt than marble-stones, or brazen walls.



67. *The FROG and the Ox.*

A Frog envied the bulk and large dimensions of an Ox; and strove to swell and distend herself, in a vain conceit of acquiring an equal magnitude with the Ox. The son admonishes his mother to desist, it being impossible for a Frog ever to be as large as an Ox. She makes a second attempt, swells and distends herself again vehemently. Her son cries earnestly to her, Give over, dear mother, you will make nothing on't; tho' you swell till you burst, you can never

equal the bigness of an Ox. The Frog persisting in her fond purpose, and deaf to all good counsel, makes a third and utmost effort, and burst herself indeed.

The MORAL.

Things impossible are not to be attempted. Envy no man's talent; but improve thy own, as far as nature and right reason will permit, and there bound thyself; lest ruin and contempt attend thee, in the fond and obstinate pursuit of what thou canst never reach.

To various Men as various Gifts are given,
By bounteous Nature, and indulgent Heaven;
Strive not above thy sphere thyself to lift,
But rest content with thy peculiar Gift.
Let each be pleas'd with his own proper state,
We strive in vain to break the rules of fate.



68. *The HORSE and the ASS.*

A Horse being finely accoutred with rich and gallant furniture, ran swiftly along

along the road, filling the air with his loud, couragious, and repeated neighings. A poor loaded Ass happened to obstruct the way: At which the Horse, foaming with pride and rage, breaks into a passion: Be gone out of my way, thou silly, stupid, sluggish Ass; darest thou, vile Beast, to obstruct my noble rapid course? Be gone instantly, or I'll kick thee out of my way. The Ass terrified, durst not mutter in the least, but presently complies, and quietly gives way. As the Horse violently continued his running, being over intent and eager, he burst his wind. Being by this unhappy accident equally unfit for shew and speed, he was quickly stripped of all his finery, and sold soon after to a Carman. In some little time the Ass met him again in his changed estate drawing in a cart; and thus accosts him: Noble Sir, what sort of furniture is this? What's become of all your bravery? Where's now your gay bridle, silver bit, your golden saddle, your studded girths, and your richly embroidered housings? Your past haughtiness and arrogance, my Friend, was a certain presage of your present ruin and destruction.

The MORAL.

Immeasurable pride and insolence is the usual fore-runner of approaching ruin and destruction. We ought to be modest and moderate in prof-

perity, lest adversity come upon us, and we become justly contemned in our misery, by those we unjustly despised and slighted in our happy fortune.

*If Fortune all her favours on you crowd,
Beware you grow not insolent and proud;
The wheel may turn, and thy exalted spoke
May sink in mire, or by some chance be broke.
Then those that you have injur'd, will deride
Your present miseries and your former pride.*



69. *The BIRDS and the BEASTS.*

A Fierce Battle was fought by the Birds with the Beasts. The fight was long and doubtful. The Bat, apprehending the Birds would be beaten, goes over to the Enemy. But at last victory declares for the feathered Combatants, under the conduct, and by the valour, of their renowned General the Eagle. The Bat, for being a TRIMMER, is sentenced (for her desertion)

to

to be banished for ever from among the Birds, and never more to fly by day; who ever since continues to fly only by night.

The MORAL.

Desertion in wars, and inconstancy in friendship, are justly treated with the highest contempt, and severest censures, a debt justly due to FALSE BRETHREN. Constancy, Fidelity and Perseverance, especially under adverse fortune, are virtues of a noble and elevated rank; marks of generosity, and objects of estimation.

Those that in fight from our assistance fly;
That do their help in time of need deny;
That in distress withdraw their love and care;
Deserve not our prosperity to share,
But infamous and base FALSE BRETHREN are. }

70. *The WOLF and a SHEEP.*

A Wolf having lately been in a sharp skirmish with some hard mouthed Curs, was forced to lie by, and through want of food grew faint and sick: He petitions a Sheep to fetch him a little water; for, says he, if I had drink, I could make a shift for meat: But the innocent Sheep smocked the matter: Yea, replies the Sheep, when I give you the water, you will take me for meat to it.

The MORAL.

There's no trusting to the fair words of a deceitful, treacherous and hungry enemy. The duty of charity may be dispensed with, when one's own life is thereby endangered; for some,

under that pretence, have sacrificed the life of their friends to their malice and hypocrisy.

Pity and piety bind not so hard,
But that, against a treacherous foe to guard,
Thou may'st even charity itself withdraw;
Self-preservation is the strongest law.



71. *The WOLVES and the SHEEP.*

UPON a treaty for quieting all old grudges and disorders between the Wolves and Sheep, a truce was made, and hostages mutually exchanged: The Wolves gave their young ones, and the Sheep their watchful Guard of Dogs. The innocent Sheep suspecting nothing, were quietly feeding; when all on a sudden the young Wolves, growing hungry, and missing their Dams, set up loud and violent howlings. The old Wolves,

Wolves, who watched for the signal, rush in upon the harmless Flock, and exclaim against the Sheep for perfidious Truce-breakers; fall upon them, worry, slaughter, and devour them, being deprived of the sure protection of their usual Guard, the Dogs.

The MORAL.

Never part with the means of your defence and safety to a known Enemy, on any pretence of Treaties and Reconciliation, how specious soever. To ask it, is unfair; to grant it is most foolish.

Suspect an Enemy, though reconcil'd:
He may be still a Foe, and you beguil'd.
Quit not your guard and arms on no pretence,
Nor leave your borders naked of defence.

72. *The WOOD and the COUNTRYMAN.*

IN times of old, when Trees could speak, a certain Country Jobber applies himself to a neighbouring Wood, and desires leave to fit his ax with a shaft. The Wood freely consents. The Countryman having fitted his ax, falls to cutting down the trees that belonged to the very same Wood. Then, too late, the injured Wood sadly laments its over facile and inconsiderate grant: Reflecting with grief, that it was thereby become instrumental to its own destruction.

The MORAL.

Distribute your kindness and benefits with caution and discernment. Arm not an indigent and ungrateful person with too much unlimited power, lest he employ the strength you give him to weaken and destroy you.

Strict Prudence warns us, that we first well know
Our man, before our kindness we bestow.
For such ungrateful wretches have been found,
As with the Donor's gift himself to wound.

73. *The STAG and the OXEN.*

A Hard hunted Stag fled for refuge to a house where Oxen were secured and fed. He entreats the Oxen for leave to hide himself under the hay that lay there, heaped for their fodder. The Oxen reply, they do not refuse him shelter; but that he would still be in danger there, because of the frequent

frequent resort of their Master and his Servants. The Stag answers, he shall be safe enough, if they will receive, and not betray him. The Oxen permit him to hide himself, and promise not to discover him. The Stag carefully covers himself close under the fodder. In comes a Servant, looks round, finds nothings amiss, and goes away, neither seeing, nor suspecting any thing. The Stag at this rejoices, fears no colours, and believes himself secure. But one of the Oxen, whom time and experience had ripened into prudence, gravely reproves the over security and too early joy of the Stag. My Friend, says the wise Ox, it is no great matter that this heedless Fellow has missed of you: But if you escape the strict search of our careful Master, you may then rejoice indeed. Not long after the Master comes in, carefully and exactly observes and examines every thing, to prevent any damage to him from the negligence of Servants, or other accidents. He goes in particular to the hay, looks on it, and thrusting his prong into it, lays hold upon the Stag's horns; surprized at it, he calls in his Servants; they run to his assistance, surround the trembling Stag, and take him, and to pot he goes.

The MORAL.

In pressing dangers we are too apt to run to the nearest, instead of the safest shelter; whereas
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in prudence we ought to weigh well the power of those we apply to for our protection, lest our ruin be only suspended for a short time.

In pressing dangers, men are apt to fly
 Less to a sure retreat than one that's nigh;
 Whither ill fate pursuing close and fast,
 Their wrong chose refuge sinks 'em down in haste.



74. *The HORSE and the LION.*

A Lion, who had fixed his eye on a jolly young Horse, longed to feast himself with so delicious a prey: But distrusting his strength, which was considerably abated by age, he bethinks himself how to compass by stratagem, what he despaired of getting by force. He pretends to quack it, and tells the Horse a long story of his mighty feats, deep skill, and miraculous cures. The Horse smocks the cheat, but pretends

to

to believe and admire him, and resolves to elude one trick with another. He tells the Lion, that lately running through a close thicket, a thorn struck into his hoof, and breaking, stuck there, and had wounded him to the quick. He therefore entreats Dr. Lion, being so eminent a Physician, to examine the wound, draw out the thorn, and perfect a cure. The well-fooled Lion applying to view the pretended wound, the Horse strikes his foot with his utmost force and strength upon the Lion's face, and then gallops away full speed. The Lion, almost brained by the violent blow, with much ado recovering his senses, acknowledged the justice of fate upon him, for his equal folly and dissimulation; and owned the Horse had served him right, and well deserved to escape as he had.

The MORAL.

Craft and Fraud are odious, and justly countermined by more exalted GENIUS, and profound Dissimulation. There may be Honour and Nobleness in an open Enemy; but a false Friend is hateful and dangerous.

Where open force falls short, men oft prepare
T' attack by stratagem, and secret snare;
Successfully sometimes: For well we know,
More danger's in a close than open Foe;
Yet bring the finest stratagem you will,
It may be baffled by superior skill.
So Force we do by greater Force repel;
And Art, by those that do in Art excel.

75. *The WOLF and the LAMB.*

AN old grisly Wolf met with a very young Lamb, and sought occasion to devour him: Sirrah, says the Wolf, you have done me a great many injuries. How can that be, says the Lamb? I am but just come into the world. You have eat up my grass, cried the Wolf. Alas! replied the Lamb, I have no teeth. Besides you have drank of my water. Ah! Sir, says the Lamb, I have not as yet drank any water, but fed altogether upon my Mother's milk. You cross impudent Rascal, says the Wolf, I have not time now to answer your arguments; but I will make dainty commons of your carcase, and immediately worried him.

The MORAL.

He must be cunning and strong too, that lives among Wolves; otherwise he must expect no quarter.

quarter. His virtues and good qualities will be turned upon him as crimes, and nothing less than the carcase will satisfy a furious appetite. Reason and truth take no place with wicked men. The weakest goes to the wall, and to the pot too, as occasion serves.

'Gainst lawless power and might who dares dispute?
No plea, but Force, can Violence confute.

76. *The VIPER and the FILE.*

A Viper that by chance had found a File, fell to biting and gnawing of it with an angry eagerness. The File, secure in his invincible hardness, scorns and derides the Viper and his vain attempts. Ridiculous fool! said the disdainful File, what wouldst thou be at? Thou mayst break thy teeth and jaws upon me if thou wilt; but me thou canst not hurt. I blunt the sharpest point and edge, and break the strongest teeth; the firmest brass, and toughest iron yield to my superior force.

The MORAL.

Have a care what enemies you contend with. Do not draw misery and ruin upon yourself, by provoking those that can easily destroy you; and against whose mighty force all you can do will signify nothing.

Check the most early sproutings you can find
Of Avarice or Envy in your mind:

They

They rack the tortur'd heart 'twixt hopes and fears,
 And fill the anxious thoughts with deadly cares.
 And if at last they gain their dark designs, [joins.
 Their own destruction, oft, their ruin'd neighbours

77. *The* HART.

A Hart, refreshing himself in a cool spring, began to view and much admire his frame and make in the clear and smooth water. He was well pleased with his fine shape, and strangely delighted with the admirable strength and beauty of his firm and well spread horns: There was nothing he thought amiss in his whole composition, but the indecency of his legs, too weak and slender, in his opinion, to support (as they ought) so noble and graceful a creature. While he was thus passing judgment on himself, his contemplations were unhappily disturbed by the yelping of Dogs, and the repeated shouts of approaching Hunters, which surprize, astonish, and affright him. Away he flies, intrusts his safety to his Legs, and seems to vie in swiftness with the wind. The Dogs pursue him with utmost speed and vehemence, and with obstinate unwearied vigour: He fled at last for refuge to the shelter of a thick wood; he is quickly stopped, and soon after taken, through the intanglement of his spreading extended horns among the vast multitude of close boughs: Then too late he finds his error;

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commends the grateful speed of his useful and faithful, though slender Legs, and condemns the hateful pomp of his proud branching horns, by which he became a helpless prey to cruel Dogs.

The MORAL.

Thus we are admonished to weigh and distinguish well, lest we despise things useful, and doat on vain trifles, or on what lead to mighty danger, if not inevitable ruin.

By our wrong choice of things too well we find
Our judgment bias'd, our affections blind;
Priding ourselves in what we shall repent,
Rejecting solid peace, and true content.



78. The COUNTRYMAN and the HORSE.

A Countryman was travelling along with an empty Horse, and an heavy loaded Afs. The tired and over loaded Afs begs of

of the Horse to carry part of the grievous burden, or else he should faint and sink under it. The unkind Horse churlishly refuses. The poor Ass at length, quite spent, sunk under the mighty pressure, and died. The Master lays upon the Horse the whole load, together with the skin and pannel of the dead Ass. The Horse, borne down and staggering under so great a weight, confesses he is rightly served for his cruelty and folly. Had I (said he) divided the load with my poor Comrade, both of us had been easy: But for refusing a part then, I must now bear the whole burden; and that too, with the augmentation of weight.

The MORAL.

We are hereby instructed to help our unfortunate Friends labouring under adversity; lest the same, or greater evils overtake us, and we thereby justly sink unpitied.

To succour the Oppress'd, their burden shar'd,
Against our own Oppression best can guard.
To shield her Neighbours, and herself secure,
Thus generous Britain did her millions shower.

79. *The MEMBERS and the BELLY.*

A Great dissention formerly arose between the Members and the Belly. The Hands and Feet mutinied, clamouring, that the lazy greedy Belly would take no pains, but devoured the fruits of their labour.

They

They insist that it ought to work and take pains for its own support: Or, no work, no subsistence. The Belly intreats earnestly and frequently, that her case may be rightly weighed, but all in vain. The Members continue obstinate and inflexible; and refuse it all manner of sustenance. The Belly enfeebled by want, the spirits are exhausted, and the whole body begins to sink. The Members then repent their folly, and offer due supplies; but their assistance came too late. The Belly, too much weakened, refuses all food: And thus all the Members justly perish by their own folly and madness; while they enviously refuse to support that, by which themselves are supported.

The MORAL.

Societies are only preserved by mutual benefits wisely interchanged. Let none so foolishly strive to break that sacred tie. Each quietly and contentedly discharging the proper duties of his station, the whole thrives and prospers; but Envy and Dissention will destroy the best of Constitutions.

When the superior Members of a State
Refuse their tribute to the Magistrate,
And will the Nobles level: Soon they come,
Involv'd together, to the fatal tomb.

By civil broils, the Mob destroy their Kings,
And that one general Devastation brings.

When each with mutual ardour strive in love,
The whole with Order does, and Beauty move.

But when Convulsions and Dissentions rend,

'Tis plain that shatter'd State will quickly end.

80. *The APE and the FOX.*

AN Ape of virtue and modesty was mightily concerned, and out of countenance, that, for want of a tail, she was forced to expose her bare breech to all the world. Observing the Fox was overstored with tail, while she had none at all, she goes to the Fox, and represents her hard case, entreating him, out of his great superfluity, to supply her wants. The Fox replies coldly and unconcerned, That he had no more tail than was fit and proper for him; and had rather it should sweep the ground than be severed from him, to supply the Ape.

The MORAL.

In Fortune's unequal distribution, some starve, while others surfeit: The Rich, in general,

ral, refusing to bestow a part of their abundance, for relief of such as sink under distress.

In vain the Indigent for help implore
From the fat Slaves that roll in golden ore.
Their Superfluity they'd rather waste,
Than help the Helpless to the smallest taste.



81. *The HUSBANDMAN and his SONS.*

A Husbandman, whose numerous male Offspring were in continual feuds and jarrings, desirous to unite them in the firm bands of lasting Friendship, lays down before them a parcel of slender sticks bound tight and fast with a strong cord, and bids them try severally to break them so tied together. They strive in vain to do it. Their Father then unties the bundle, whose divided sticks with ease they broke to pieces. Thus, my Sons, (said the good Man and indulgent Father) will it happen to yourselves:

selves: None will be able to hurt you, if Love and faithful Friendship bind you solidly together; but if you weaken yourselves by quarrels, and intestine divisions, you will become an easy prey to such as seek your ruin.

The MORAL.

Weak things united become strong: Divided strength becomes weak: Intestine jars and civil broils prove certainly fatal both to Families and Nations. But mutual Love and perfect Union are the glory, strength, and preservation of both.

As *Union* this inanimate fabrick join'd,
God to the Rulers of that World, *Mankind*,
Union no less their strengthning bond design'd. }
Confusion, and his own dark ends to gain,
'Twas the sly Devil first preach'd, Divide and reign.



82. *The PEACOCK and the CRANE.*

A Peacock and a Crane supped together.
The Peacock boasts of her beauty, and
shews

shews her gaudy spread tail, and undervalues the Crane. The Crane confesses she had beautiful fine feathers, but bid her take notice, that she mounted the skies with her strong and useful wings, whilst the Peacock, with her fine plumes, had much ado to reach the top of a low cottage.

The MORAL.

Self-praise is a poor commendation: We ought to have humble and just thoughts of ourselves, and to admire and aim at those blessings of life, that are most useful and necessary, before those for ornament.

Let not gay Tails with finewy Wings compare;
Use, beyond Ornament, a price should bear.
For here there's service, there but garniture:
The one can only strut, but th' other fear.



83. *The DOG and the SHEEP.*

A Dog demands a loaf of a Sheep, pretending the Sheep had borrowed the bread
F of

of him. The Sheep utterly denies the fact. The Dog clamorously insists on his pretensions, and prosecutes the Sheep at Law: The Kite, the Wolf, and the Vultur, being brought in for evidence on the part of the Claimant, they swear home for the debt. The poor innocent Sheep thereupon loses her just cause. The Dog takes her in execution, and soon devours her: His false Witnesses sharing with him in the wicked purchase.

The MORAL.

Innocence is too often oppressed by Fraud, Perjury, and nefarious Villainies, committed, under colour of Justice, by wrested Law. Guard therefore the innocence of the Dove with the wisdom of the Serpent.

Of all the hungry canine appetites,
Nothing so keen as th' hard-mouth Swearer bites.
Let Perjury her harpy seizure forge,
Life, fortune, all, are swallow'd at a gorge:
Nay, against Perjury no fence can screen;
That dire Devourer bites with teeth unseen.
Even th' innocent Oracles of Law she draws,
Justice herself, too blind, to aid her Cause.

84. *The LION and the FOX.*

A Bundance of Beasts visited the Sick Lion; but the cunning Fox avoided paying of visits. The Lion writes him a kind letter, tells him he earnestly longed to see him, and that a visit from him would revive his heart. He assures the Fox, that there could no manner of danger attend his coming, for that the friendship and sickness of the Lion were a double guard and security for the Fox, since the Lion neither would hurt him if he could, nor could do it if he would. The Fox sends him word, that he would supplicate the Gods for the Lion's recovery; but that he humbly prayed to be excused the visit, adding, that he the rather insisted upon it, because he observed the prints of many feet going into the royal den, but could find no tracks of any that returned.

The MORAL.

Expose not yourself to real danger for fair words. Compare Words with Actions and Things, and secure yourself by just Prudentials.

Weigh Things and Deeds against the sound of Words,
Due Caution Safety to the Wise affords;
But those that their Resolves precipitate,
Are often plung'd in a disastrous State.

85. *The YOUNG MAN and the CAT.*

A Certain Young Man, over-fond of a fine Cat, quite tired the Goddess of Love with continual and importunate prayers to turn his Cat into a Woman. Venus hears his prayers, pities his passion, and grants him his desire. The mighty change is wrought; the Cat becomes a beautiful Woman; at which the Youth is ravished with delight. Not long after, the Goddess took a fancy to try whether the mind and inclinations of the Cat were changed, as well as her outward form: To make the experiment, a Mouse is sent into the room, where the amorous Pair were admiring each other. The unexpected object produced a comical scene: The little Bride immediately quits her passionate Lover, and eagerly pursues the Mouse. Venus perceiving the nature and temper of her Woman Cat unaltered, restores

restores the former shape; and Miss becomes again as very a Puss as ever.

The MORAL.

Nature will shew itself in spite of all disguises: And therefore it is but lost labour to attempt to stem the invincible stream of Nature's current and tendency.

To make a Revolution work so strange,
As that of inborn Nature's total Change,
Is th' hardest task of Heaven; nay, the high Pow'r
Must wisely make her miracle secure;
Lest the old native bent of Inclination
Start forth again, to shame her new Creation.



86. *The DOG and the BUTCHER.*

A Cunning old Dog, watching an opportunity among the Butchers, slyly and suddenly snatches away a good piece of flesh, and scours off with it, might and main. The
F 3 Butcher,

Butcher, surprized at the accident, at first stood silent, like one amazed; but soon recollecting himself, he calls out pleasantly after the pilfering Cur, in this manner: Hark ye, you Mr. Thief, you may run away, for this time, with impunity; your speed and distance secures and indemnifies you now; but, Friend, I shall take a note of your name, and narrowly watch your waters, for the time to come.

The MORAL.

Losses produce caution, and experience matures and ripens judgment. Reflect not ever anxiously on past miscarriages: But recollecting your sense and courage, wisely reform what's amiss, and prudently arm against future ill accidents.

All things assist to open Prudence eyes,

Whilst Benefits e'en from Misfortunes rise.

Care's by Neglect, and Wit's by Folly taught,

And a small wreck's a sea-mark cheaply bought.

87. *The LION and the FROG.*

A Lion upon the hunt for prey, hearing a doleful croaking, hideous noise, was startled at it, and put to a stand, fearing there might be some ambuscade laid for him; but looking sharp about, to see what great and terrible Monster was approaching, he spies a silly Frog croaking and creeping out of the water. Being moved with indignation, by being frightened at such a trifle, he

he dash'd the Frog's guts out with his paw;
and says in a fury, I'll teach you to fright
people with your hoarse, doleful ditties.

The MORAL.

*Nothing is sooner frightened than a proud,
buffing, vain Boaster. We should not be sur-
prized nor frightened at every unexpected noise,
but always preserve a Presence of Mind to
prevent vain Fears, and carry us through real
Dangers.*

Impertinence and Noise great Men provoke,
And babbling Fools to their own Dangers croak;
But present Courage sets a noble Mind
Above vain Fears, and is not mov'd with Wind.



88. *The COLLIER and the FULLER.*

A Collier was very earnest with a Fuller,
pressing him that they two might take
one house, and live both together in it. My
Friend, replied the Fuller, you must excuse

me; it would be very improper for us to cohabit under the same roof. No pleasure nor profit could accrue to me thereby; nor indeed could I expect other than Troubles and Inconveniencies from it. Consider with yourself how very pretty it will be, when I have made Goods delicately clean, for you to make them as black as your Coals.

The MORAL.

Never associate with those whom Nature, Temper, Fortune, Fate, or Chance, render unequal to you, or improper for you. Nor let the vicious Habits of any Person, or Conversation, endanger the corrupting of your Virtue, by the secret and insensible contagion of too great, or too near frequent Intimacy.

The Harmony of Converse best appears
Where Mankind move all in their proper Spheres;
Societies ill match'd themselves annoy,
And clashing Int'rests their own Hopes destroy.

89. *The HORSE and the STAG.*

THE Horse and the Stag contended long and fiercely in fight: The Stag, being best furnished with offensive arms, prevails; the Horse is put to flight. The impatient Horse implores Man's help; returns to the field with his well-mounted Auxiliary; engages, and routs his enemy; conquers his late Conqueror: But the Horse having thus subdued the Stag, is himself subjected by the

the Man. His new Ally and Confederate keeps him in servitude: He is forced to submit to the dominion of the imperious Rider. The bridle restrains, the whip awes, his Rider governs him, and he endures the spur.

The MORAL.

Thus raging desire of Revenge, and ungoverned Ambition (that wild lust of lawless power,) betray vitious and untinking Men into irretrievable ruin. Have a care of calling in too powerful Allies to your aid, so as to possess them of your strength, nor let them pass into the heart of your country, lest you become enslaved by your pretended Deliverers.

Buy not Revenge nor Victory too dear,
With caution still let vain Ambition steer.
Trust not to borrow'd strength her Foes t'enslave,
Lest she put on worse chains than those she gave.



90. *The LAMB and the WOLF.*

A Dainty fat Lamb being shut up in a Cottage, peeped out at a window,

and sees a Wolf below, bestows upon him the titles of Rogue, and murdering Rascal, with a hundred curses into the bargain. Sirrah, says the Wolf, if I had you out of your strong hold, I'd scrape your tongue for you.

The MORAL.

Time and Place embolden the Mean and Low-spirited. The veriest Cowards in the world will boast, and pretend to mighty Achievements, when they think themselves secure from Danger. Brag is a good Dog, but he dares not fight.

Where awful Dangers do at distance stand,
Cowards look big, and like bold Chiefs command.
Trembling like Apes upon a dangerous spot,
But roar like Tigers out of cannon shot.

91. *The Fox and the WESEL.*

A Fox, worn thin and lean by short commons too long continued, squeezed himself through a narrow strait hole into a grainary well stored with corn, where he feasted and rioted at pleasure; but trying to go back, when he had glutted himself, he strove to no purpose, for his pampered belly was too big to get through. A Wesel, who at some little distance beheld the struggle, calls to the Fox, and advises him, if he meant to get out, he must apply himself to the narrow hole, just in the same plight he was when he got in.

The

The MORAL.

Poverty usually keeps the Body and Mind active, healthy, and fit for all the Accidents of Human Life; whereas by Prosperity and Fulness we are softened and effeminated, and rendered unapt to contend with Difficulties; we become sickly, lumpish, and heavy; the Body filled with gross Humours, engendering Diseases; and the Mind clouded, and oppressed with Cares.

Men in mean State have liv'd a chearful Life,
 Unruffled by the Storms of Care and Strife;
 But when by Chance those Men enrich'd have been,
 Their whole remaining Life has been one dismal Scene.

92. *The TWO YOUNG MEN.*

TWO Young Men went to an Eating House, pretending to buy some belly timber. While the Cook was intent upon

serving other Guests, one of the Young Fellows whips up a small joint, and gives it to his Comrade; he hides it under his cloak. The Cook turning that way, and missing the Meat, charges both of them with stealing. He that took it, swore passionately that he had none of it, and he that had it, denied, with repeated oaths, that he had not taken away any thing. The Cook, bantered and confounded by their juggling Knavery, replied to them, The Theft is visible; the Thief, indeed, remains, at present, concealed from me; but He, by whom you have sworn, both sees and knows him or them that are guilty.

The MORAL.

Subtle Knaves, and pilfering Rogues, may sometimes steal, and yet conceal their Crimes awhile, by amusing an honest Man with Shams and Tricks; but there is no escaping the View of the all-seeing Eye; no Subterfuge can hide from infinite Discernment. No Man's Crime can be long unknown, for Heaven and Conscience are always present.

In vain, with harden'd Front, thy Guilt deny,
Nor hope to hide thy Theft by Secresy:
There's one ne'er-failing Witness ev'ry where,
Attesting Providence, all Eye, and Ear.

93. *The TRUMPETER.*

A Trumpeter, whom the chance of war had given up Prisoner at discretion, was carried off by the Enemy. Uncertain what would become of him, and trembling for fear, he beseeches them to save the life of a harmless Man; who, carrying no arms, and only sounding a trumpet, had neither power nor will to injure any of them. The Enemy despise his excuses and entreaties; chide, revile, and use him very roughly. They storm and thunder at him, after this manner; All thou sayest, vile rascal, is to no manner of purpose: Thou hadst as good say nothing. The mischief thou hast done us is unspeakable, and thou shalt now die for it immediately. What can be more criminal,

nal, more provoking, than what thou alledgeſt againſt thyſelf? You, who by your own confeſſion neither can nor dare fight, do yet inſtigate the rage and fury of others, upon all occaſions, to ſlaughter, ruin, and deſtroy us.

The MORAL.

It is a horrid crime in Privy Counſellors to adviſe Princes (who are apt enough of their own accord to abuſe their power) to any act of injuſtice, by continually buzzing in their ears ſuch as this: Why does your Maſteſty ſtand doubting thus? Can you forget you are a King, and may do what you pleaſe? How can he break the Laws who is above them? Your Subjects enjoy nothing but by the ſunſhine of your Royal Favour; you have a power to ſave and to deſtroy, to advance whom you pleaſe to honour, and to deprive others of it. Good and Evil are but terms adapted to the Vulgar. You can do nothing ill. The ſtamp of Maſteſty ſanctifies all your actions; your Maſteſty has an abſolute power; and you are only accountable to God Almighty.

Who preach deſpotick, Arbitrary Power,
Teach Sovereign Heads their Subjects to devour.
The flattering Priests for Non-reſiſtance pray;
Your Maſteſty has a diſputeleſs ſway,
But a late K— confutes whate'er they ſay. }

94. *The Fox and the Eagle.*

A Fox's young wanton Cub, carelessly playing up and down, was suddenly snatched up by an Eagle. The poor young Creature cries out lamentably to its Dam for help: The old one hastens to its relief, begs and beseeches the Eagle to spare the little innocent Fool, and give her back her Child. The Eagle despises the Fox's grief and prayers; and pleased with her new Prey, hastens away to feed her young ones with it. The enraged Fox snatches a fire-brand, pursues the cruel and obdurate Eagle, with a full resolution to revenge the affront and injury received, by setting fire to the Eagle's nest: And having got near it, Now cruel Destroyer of others (cries out the enraged

raged Fox) preserve thyself and young ones if thou canst. The Eagle, trembling at the approaching danger, and nearness of so terrible a fate, beseeches the Fox to forbear burning her House and Children, and she will willingly restore the captive Cub.

The MORAL.

The Mighty are too apt to murder, plunder, and oppress the Mean, not valuing the sufferings of others, while they themselves can gratify their lusts and passions with impunity. But let such haughty Nimrods have a care: For as a weak worm, when trod upon, will turn again, so there are sometimes found, among the vulgar, spirits of that daring and resolved temper, that no Tyrant's power or caution shall screen him from their once resolved just vengeance.

In every age and country may be seen
The unjust Mighty treading down the Mean,
For such a virtue we but rarely see,
As scorns to act a crime, tho' with impunity.
Yet let Oppressors not be too secure:
All are not of a temper tamely to endure.
But some, tho' meanly born, have minds so high,
They dare their just revenge, altho' they die.
Thus those that fill the world with tears and groans,
Are sometimes stabb'd upon their shining Thrones.

95. *The FOX and the LION.*

A Fox by chance meeting with a Lion, (having never seen one before) trembled and stood amazed at first, and then fled swift away, being struck with terror at the surprizing sight of the majestick Beast. At their next meeting, the Fox scarce found himself concerned: But when they met a third time, so far was the Fox from being afraid, that he boldly approached and familiarly saluted him.

The MORAL.

Custom makes all things easy and familiar to us; not excepting even those very things that at first we could not look upon without terror and amazement.

What fills the mind at first with dreadful fears,
 Custom at length so wholly reconciles,
 That all the mighty terror disappears,
 And it becomes receiv'd with chearful smiles.

96. *The*

96. *The FOWLER and the RING-DOVE.*

A Fowler being out a birding, saw at a good distance a RING-DOVE making her nest upon a very high tree. Immediately he hastens that way; but as he was earnestly intent upon his game, he, by chance, trod upon a Viper: The angry creature being very much hurt, turns itself hastily, and bit him severely. Surprized and frightened at the sudden and unexpected mischief, the wounded Fowler exclaims passionately thus: Fate has found me out, and paid me in my kind. I am destroyed myself, in my very attempt of destroying another.

*Nec Lex fit justior ulla,
Quam necis Artifices arte perire sua.*

The MORAL.

Harm watch, Harm catch. Those that take pleasure in contriving the destruction of others, often fall into unexpected ruin, in the very pursuit of their own atrocious projects, through the righteous avenging justice of the divine Nemesis.

Evil designs oft meet with ill success,
Prosperity does treach'ry rarely bless.
Their project's on that tottering basis built,
That ev'n the attempt does sometimes scourge the
guilt.

The Snare, the very Snarer does confound,
Whilst th' uplift edge turns back himself to wound.

97. *The*

97. *The HUSBANDMAN, and his DOGS.*

A Tedious and severe winter having generally exhausted the country stocks and stores, a certain Husbandman began to be distressed for provisions, and was at last reduced to very great extremity. Having killed up his Sheep, and his Milk-Goats, at last he slaughters his Oxen too, to feed himself and Family, and fence, as long as he could, against the dreadful approaches of meagre Famine. When his Dogs saw this, they began to consider of providing for their own safety by speedy flight: How can we hope, said they, to live much longer here, when our Master spares not his laborious Oxen, so very useful and serviceable to him in his country affairs?

The

The MORAL.

Necessity too often drives Princes to sacrifice their Subjects to preserve themselves. On such occasions, the innocent, good, and useful are generally destroyed: The worthless instruments of vain pleasures are most and longest spared; and, if the dangers approach and become imminent, they commonly secure themselves, and forsake their sinking Master, and once adored Patron.

Tyrants, and all the Machiavilian Great,
Still sacrifice the Good in storms of fate;
Expose the Innocent, but gladly save
Each worthless Parasite, and fawning Slave.
Who to reward 'em, danger drawing nigh,
Desert their slighted Prince, and basely fly.

98. *The COCK and the CAT.*

PUSS longing for Poultry, leered after a dainty young Cock. She resolved to eat him,

him, but studied for some pretence to fall upon his bones. At last she accuses him for disturbing people in the night; breaking their sleep and rest with his loud noisy crowing. The poor Cock excuses himself, alledging, that his crowing was a service to mankind, since it gave warning of approaching day, and roused the sleepy to their work and business. The enraged Cat raves and thunders at him; calls him a vile incestuous Wretch, nor sparing his Sister, nor even his Mother. The frightened Cock endeavouring to clear himself of this accusation too, the impatient Cat falls aboard him, crying, All thy excuses are in vain; thy crimes are notorious, and now I will punish thee.

The MORAL.

Innocence alone is too weak a defence against a potent resolved Oppressor.

In vain weak Innocence attempts to plead,
When lawless Force its Ruin has decreed.

99. *The OLD WOMAN and the PHYSICIAN.*

AN Old Woman, almost blind, sends for a Doctor, having a very violent defluxion of humours fallen upon her eyes: He quacks it with the old Lady, and no cure no money was the contract; but the Doctor, to make sure of a reward, every time he came to

to dress her eyes, when he had secured her peepers, still pilfered something out of her house; and protracting the cure to multiply his visits, he at last left little beside bare walls. The poor woman at length gaining her eye-sight, looked round about her, and seeing nothing left but bare walls, refused the Doctor his pre-contracted reward. The Doctor pleads his agreement. The poor Woman did not deny the contract, but denied she was cured: For, says she, before you undertook to cure me, I could see a great deal of valuable goods about me; but I can now see nothing at all.

The MORAL.

Covetousness brings nothing home. Sometimes Men are so blind with Avarice, that they contradict themselves, and lose what is honestly due to them, by coveting what is not justly their own, and thereby give others an opportunity of deceiving them.

Dishonest craft is a too crying shame;
But does its loudest infamy proclaim,
When on weak-sighted ignorance impos'd,
The world's a cheat, and in such snares inclos'd.
Whole thousands this blind Patient's fortune run;
Only find eyes to see themselves undone.

100. *The SUN and the NORTH WIND.*

THERE happened a warm dispute betwixt the Sun and the North Wind, whether of them excelled in strength. The con-

contest was to be thus decided : There was a Traveller on the way ; and he that could make that Fellow throw off his cloak first, should be judged Conqueror. The Wind blew violently, whistled in the Fellow's ears, and assaulted his teeth with hail-shot : But he tucks up his garments, wraps his cloak close about him, and trudges on in spite of Boreas and all his blasts. The Sun all the while musters up his forces, emits his warm rays, and in a little time overcomes the storm, and attacks the Traveller with his hot scorching beams. The Man soon began to glow and sweat, and at last not only quitted his cloak, but unbraced his coat too, for the easier reception of so benign and powerful an influence, retiring even for shelter to a shady hedge for a cooler part of his walk, thereby to share the more moderate blessings of the warm Sun; who thus obtained the victory.

The MORAL.

Policy in war prevails, and will do what strength cannot. Before a Man engages in a contest, he ought to know the ability of his Adversary : For he that has a great opinion of his strength, may yet meet with one stronger; and if he excel in strength, yet he may be overcome by policy.

Let

Let no Man think himself secure from harm,
 Because he has withstood one shocking storm :
 The valiant Hero, that has gall'd his Foes
 In one fierce battle, may the second lose.
 'Tis prudence to be arm'd against the worst,
 Lest greater tempests should succeed the first ;
 But above all beware of flattering Friends,
 Who chiefly sooth you for their own by ends.

101. *The NURSE and the WOLF.*

A Nurse dressing her Child, could by
 no means quiet it; she threatens to
 throw it out to the Wolf: A Wolf then upon
 the scout, and leering here and there for
 prey, passes by, and hears the Nurse flatter
 the Wolf with a supper. The Wolf waited
 awhile in expectation of a feast, but no
 Child coming, he sneaks off for that time :
 But his stomach being very empty, he could
 not forbear visiting the Nurse's door a se-
 cond time, and found Mrs. Nurse billing,
 cooing,

cooing, and coaxing the little Brat with all the endearing expressions imaginable: I throw my dear Child to the Wolf! no, no, we'll beat his brains out if he comes here. The Wolf, vexed at the disappointment, went away muttering. A Fox meets him, and asks him what booty he had got? Oh! says the Wolf, there's no trusting to those that say one thing, and mean another.

The MORAL.

Nothing more fickle and unconstant than Women; they (weather-cock like) often change, and seldom speak as they think. People ought always to have a just regard to Truth; yet a word or expression may sometimes slip from us, and it is no great crime, if only an ill Man or a Wolf is cheated by it. If mild and gentle persuasions will not, coarser treatment must oblige us to our duty. Children, and grown People too, many times fear, where they do not love.

A Wolf! an Ass, to wait for such a Feast!
To take a prattling Woman's word, at best,
Is but a Lottery. Here 'twas all a jest. }
Well might her lips here give her heart the Lie
In such an innocent Hypocrisy.
Tho' t'hush a froward Child her Tongue thus run,
Love speaks ten angry Words, but ne'er means one.



102. *The SHEPHERD'S BOY, and the
HUSBANDMEN.*

A Certain Boy who kept Sheep, had several times put tricks upon the neighbouring Husbandmen, calling out for help, because the Wolf was a coming, when in truth no Wolf was near. At last the Wolf sets upon his Flock in good earnest: The Boy cries out most lamentably, begging and praying for instant succour; but the Husbandmen having been often deluded by him, refused to come to him; by which means his Sheep became a prey to the Wolf.

The MORAL.

Thus Lyars draw upon themselves the just punishment of not being credited when they do speak truth.

Let

Let none presume in earnest, nor in jest,
To give up Truth, the Mind's most noble Test.
Lest his fond Banters gain him in the end,
That none will his most serious talk attend.

103. *The RIVER FISH, and the SEA FISH.*

A Fresh Fish was driven to Sea by the strong current of a Land Flood, where he cracked and boasted of his noble birth, and valued himself above the Fish of the Ocean. What vapouring Ignorant is this, says the Sturgeon; if you and I were to be carried to the market, which do ye think would fetch most money? I should go off at a great price, and be a dish for a Prince; but you are worth little, and bought up by the common people.

The MORAL.

'Tis not what a Thing appears to be, or what I may value it at, but what it will sell for, that makes it valuable. Self Conceit, or a Man's Opinion of his own Goods, or Merit, must never be admitted to set the Market Price; his Vanity will have no other effect but to make him ridiculous.

"Just so much Money as 'twill bring,
"Is the true value of e'ry Thing." *Hud.*

Let the vain Fool with arrogated Worth,
And the false Grandeur of his boasted Birth,
Gild o'er his poorer Dross: True Orient Gold,
Its Price does from the Scales and Touch-stone hold.

104. *The LION and the BULL.*

A Large, rapacious, hungry Lion seeing a curious, plump fat young Bull, had a month's mind to make a feast of his delicious carcase: He steps up to him, and pleasantly invites him to supper: My good Friend and Neighbour, says the Lion, I have just now killed a fine, well fleshed Sheep, and I cannot be pleased unless you take part of it with me. The Bull thanked him for his kind Invitation, and away they trudge: But when the Bull entered the Lion's Den, and saw what large pots, caldrons, and long spits, were ready set, with a huge fire, big enough to roast him whole, the Bull was seized with a pannick fear, and scouts off immediately. The Lion seeing him scamper away, calls after him, Why so hasty, good Mr, Bull? It is time to be jogging, says the Bull; for
I per-

I perceive, by your preparation, you have more mind to a Beef than a Mutton Supper.

The MORAL.

A watchful Eye and prudent Care prevents Misfortune. When a Friend or Companion has an Interest and Inclination to betray and destroy, it is generally ushered in, and accomplished, under a fair and specious Pretence of Kindness and Affection. Have a care how you trust those Persons that live upon the Expence of another's Happiness.

Let not fair Words prevent a prudent Care;
Fine Compliments too often prove a Snare.
Ill Men in Power compleat their bad Design:
Beef goes to th' pot when hungry *Lions* dine.



105. *The TORTOISE and the EAGLE.*

A Land Tortoise thinking it very hard to be always creeping and grovelling in a hole, or on the ground, and with his

house on his back, promises a very great reward to the Eagle, if she would carry him up into the upper region. The Eagle had no great stomach to it; for, says she, you have no business there: But the Tortoise would not be said nay: So the Eagle carries up the Gentleman, and then claimed her reward; which not being ready, the disappointed Eagle pricked his guts, and dropped him. Thus the foolish Tortoise that coveted a purer air, breathed out his last in the enjoyment.

The MORAL.

It is a great Vanity, and may serve to check the fond Ambition of those Men that aspire to such Degrees, or Conditions of Life, that they are naturally unfit for: It is more safe and easy for all Persons to move in, and prudently manage that Condition of Life, that Nature and Providence places them in, than to follow the Dictates of an ill-concerted Ambition.

Securely even of meaner Weal possess'd,
He's only truly so who's safely bless'd.
Then seek no dangerous exalted State,
Lest thy Ambition mount thee to an Height,
And there deserted drop thee to thy Fate.

106. *The FOX and the LEOPARD.*

A Brisk young Leopard was extremely proud of, and pleased with his spotted skin, and pretended to excel all other Creatures in beauty. A subtle Fox within hearing of his boasts, steps up to him, and tells him, he would not be so proud of his
out-

out-side, if he had any real worth within him : For, says Reynard, you have indeed a fine out-side ; but you want the beauty and divine endowments of the mind, which are infinitely more valuable.

The MORAL.

It is better to be good and virtuous, than to be so in Appearance only. The Beauty of a well limbed Body is better than the Goods of Fortune : But both these are far short of the divine Endowments of the Mind.

All other Gifts bestow'd upon Mankind,
Bear the least Price. The Beauty of the Mind
Is the true shining Worth. The orient Beam
Sparkles not from the Casket, but the Gem.
Strength, Courage, Form, those envious times may blast ;
Wisdom a longer Glass of Life may last ;
Nay leads t' Eternity when Time itself is past. }



107. *The Ox and the young STEER.*

AN old drudging Ox, hard at work,
and drawing in the plough, a brisk,
G 4 fat,

fat, plump, young Steer (which had never been accustomed to the yoke) comes up to the old labouring Beast, and insults him thus: Oh! says the Steer, I am free from the yoke, and live at ease; but thou art an old drudge, and thy neck's grown bare with working; see how smooth, fine, and delicate my skin is, and what a nasty hard hide thou hast! The poor tired Ox to all these reproaches was mute, and for that time made no reply; but a few days after, the derided Ox spies the young Braggadocio led by the Slaughter-man to the Altar to be sacrificed, and thus attacks him: Oh, my young Brother! What's your easy lazy life come to now? Your Stall is turned to an Altar: I suppose you could now wish for my toil and sweat, instead of your sweet life. You have frisked about finely to come to this; you shall now be bedaubed with your heart's blood, as I was lately in dirt with my drudgery.

The MORAL.

Foolish inordinate Pleasure always ends in pain and disappointment. Idleness ends in rage and ruin; But a life of honest labour and industry is a life of lasting pleasure and safety.

Thin Sides, and lanker Cheeks, with sparer Diet,
Enjoy'd with sav'ry Safety, Peace, and Quiet,
Are much more happy than th' invited Guest,
Who daily riots on that plenteous Feast,
Where, Oh! too dearly, the rich Sauce he buys,
When only fatten'd up for Sacrifice.

108. *The Ass dressed in a LION'S SKIN.*

AT Cumæ, in Italy, a slothful but freakish Ass, weary of servitude, broke his bridle, and would needs take a ramble into the woods, where happening to find a Lion's skin, he dressed himself in it, and sets up for a Lion; all fled before him, and he terrified Man and Beast with his hideous voice and tail, (for the Cumæans do not know what a Lion is.) After this manner the disguised Ass reigned and ranged about for some time, accounted and dreaded as a terrible Lion. At length a Foreigner, who had seen both an Ass and a Lion, arriving at Cumæ, easily discovered, by his long ears, and other signs and conjectures, what this Lion was. He laid hold of, and uncased the Gentleman, and stoutly belaboured him. The

Cumæans could not forbear laughing, when they understood that the Lion they were so much afraid of proved no more than an Ass.

The MORAL.

'Tis not easy to overcome those Vices which have grown up with us from our Youth. Hypocrisy, though spun with never so fine a thread, may possibly be discovered; Truth alone will stand the Test, fear no Trials, when Pretence and Counterfeits skulk in corners.

Claim not false Trophies to enrich thy Crest;
The Cheat is soon detected; and at best,
The empty Vanity ends in a Jest. }
True Merit, Star-like, drives a lasting round,
When short-liv'd flashy Meteors drop to th' Ground.



109. *The WOLF and the DOG.*

AS a Wolf was ranging in a Wood, one morning early, before break of day, he

he happily met with an honest jolly Dog, an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen for a long time. The Wolf pleasingly surprized at the unexpected meeting with so good a Friend, most joyfully salutes, and mightily caresses his old Friend Tray, asking him, how he had fared this many a long day; but more particularly how he came to be so plump and sleek, and in so good case and plight. Tray, with no less civility, returned his Friend Grim's compliment, telling him, That his well-looking sprung from his well-living; and his well-living was an effect of his good Master's care and kindness. For, added he, my Master cherishes me for being his humble Servant all day, and being watchful at night; feeding me from his own plentiful table: I sleep within doors, nor am I exposed to the accidents of air and cold winds; and the whole Family are most exceeding kind to me. Most happy Dog! cried the Wolf: How good a Master have you got! Were I so fortunate to live with him too, (as I could wish I were) I should think no Beast more compleatly happy. The Dog finding the Wolf had a month's mind to change his manner of living, promises so to order matters, as to introduce him into his Master's Family, if he would but moderate his usual fierceness, and quietly and readily obey orders. The pleased Wolf freely and cheer-

fully consents, and away they jog towards the Farmer's house. They diverted each other as they walked with a world of pleasant chat: But before they had reached the house it grew to be broad day, when the Wolf observing the Dog's neck to be worn bare, inquired the reason of it. At first, replied the Dog, I was too sour, fierce, and currish, barking and snarling at our own Folks, as well as Strangers, and bit at any body without distinction. My Master, incensed at this, commanded me to be well beaten, yoked and collared, forbidding me to set upon any but a Thief and a Wolf. Being thus corrected, I became obedient, tame, and gentle; but still I retain those marks of that correction, and of my first violent, fierce, and churlish temper. When the Wolf heard this, he thus replied, I will not purchase thy Master's favour at so dear a rate. Therefore, Friend Tray, farewell: Much good may do you with your fat Slavery: My lean Liberty for me.

The MORAL.

Freedom (though in an humble Cottage, and with homely Fare) is of that innate Excellency, that it is preferable even to Royal Dainties in a stately Palace, especially, when those Enjoyments subject us to Dangers and Dependence. Liberty
flies

flies from Princes Courts, as from the abject Region of Adulation and Servitude, where no Man can safely live but in Disguise; and where Wrongs must not only be dissembled, but must pass sometimes for Favours.

That Man ill understands the Rules of Truck,
Who *barter* Liberty to mend his Luck.
No Chains, not those of Gold, should ever be
Of Force to hold us back from being free.
Let fawning *Knaves* crouch down, submit and bend,
The noble free-born Mind will ne'er depend.



110. *The Old Man and Death.*

AN Old Man, fore tired with carrying a heavy burden at his back, growing faint with his long walk, threw down his bundle, and calls for Death to deliver him from this miserable life. Death immediately presents himself, and asks the feeble old Man what he wanted with him? Nothing, Sir, said

said he, but that you would held me up again with my bundle of rushes.

The MORAL.

Old Age itself is not free from Hypocrisy. Men upon any little Hardship or Distress forthwith call for Death; but when it comes to the push, they will indure any Hardship, undergo any Tortures, lose Legs, Hands, Arms, or Eyes, or any thing, to save Life: Rather live miserably, than not live.

DEATH at a Distance we but slightly fear,
He brings his Terror as he draws more near.
Thro' Poverty, Pain, Slav'ry we drudge on:
The worst of Beings better please, than none;
No Price too dear to purchase Life and Breath;
Th' heaviest Burden's easier borne than Death.



III. *Some FISHERMEN disappointed.*

CERTAIN Fishermen having been fishing long, and catching little, at last drew up their

their Net, which felt very heavy: They dragged it ashore, hoping they had now got a brave purchase; but it proved only a great stone, and a few little Fishes in the bottom of the net: At which appearance they were mightily dejected, to find they were like to have a light supper. But one of the more considerate among them, very seasonably said to the rest of the Company: My Friends, it is best to be contented; for Joy and Sorrow are Sisters; Mischances and Disappointments will happen, and we should expect them, that when they do come, they may be more easy to us.

The MORAL.

No Man without his Misfortunes; and if we prudentially weigh and consider the fleeting uncertain Condition of human Life, cross Events will be more tolerable. We should exert our utmost Endeavours, and expect the Issue with Indifference. If our just Endeavours want the wished for Success, we ought not to repine at Disappointment, but bear it with Patience, and humble Resignation of our Will: But if Good, or a Benefit succeeds, it will be more acceptable, as it proves better than we looked for.

Use honest Means with all your Skill and Might;
Go on and praise a flattering Day at Night.
And if one Day without Success shut up,
Begin the next with Courage: Push and hope.

112. *The WOMAN and her HEN.*

A Widow Woman had a Hen which laid her every day an egg, and being covetous (like most people) had a desire of more; and thought to herself if she gave the Hen a double allowance of corn, she might lay an egg twice a day: But the Hen grew so fat upon it, that she laid no eggs at all. So the old Doltard lost the daily benefit she before had, through a greedy desire of having more than nature in her own way usually produces.

The MORAL.

Covetous, griping Persons ought always to be served as the Woman in the Fable. It is but a just Punishment to receive Loss instead of Gain, when nothing less than All will serve. He that grasps at too much, commonly holds least.

A Miser's Grasp a Kingdom's Wealth would get;
But for such vast Projections, where's the Wit?
The bold Aspirer has a strong Ambition,
But often proves a weakly Politician.

113. *The OLD WEASEL and MICE.*

AN old decrepit Weasel, finding she wanted strength to pursue her former game, devised this stratagem: She hid herself in a meal-tub, hoping by this project to catch her prey without much labour. It succeeds accordingly: The Mice run to the meal tub, as it was their custom, and are devoured by the Weasel every Mouse of them.

The MORAL.

Policy goes beyond Strength.

Let it by every Mouse ne'er be forgot,
How they find Weasels in a Meal Tub Plot.



114. *The MAN bitten by a DOG.*

A Quarrellsome Fellow being bit by a hard mouthed Dog, went to a Physician, and asked his advice about the matter. The Doctor told him he needed no Physician;

cian; for, said he, if you will let the said Dog that bit you lick the blood from your wound, you would be cured immediately. Your humble Servant, Sir, says the Fellow, you may save your breath to cool your potage; I do not like your advice; that is the way to be pulled in pieces, and cured of all diseases: I dare neither try nor trust to the balsam of that tongue, whose neighbouring teeth are so venomous.

The MORAL.

Good Counsel from bad Men is not to be trusted to, nor relied upon. We ought, indeed, to do Good for Evil; but we also should do it in a proper Season, without giving Men a Temptation to repeat Injuries.

From Hurts receiv'd, learn Caution. Trust no more
That hard mouth'd Foe, whose Gripe thou'st felt before.
Trusting again, do his keen Fangs invite:
Not HE, thou giv'st thyself the second Bite.

115. *The PEACOCK and the NIGHTINGALE.*

THE Peacock was mightily concerned that she had not so sweet a pipe as the Nightingale had, and complained to Juno of it; by whom she was told, that she ought to be contented with her share, that the Gods never gave alike to all: And though the Nightingale was the sweetest Singer, yet she was the greatest Beauty.

The

The MORAL.

*We ought to receive with Thankfulness
whatsoever Heaven sends, and not covet further.*

In his own State let every Man rejoice ;
The Gods ne'er leave us to our proper Choice :
They that have Beauty need no charming Voice. }

116. *The SICK MAN and his PHYSICIAN.*

THE Doctor asks his Patient how he found himself; why, Doctor, I sweat violently. That is well, quoth the Doctor, it is a very good indication; perspiration is one of the easiest and quickest ways by which Nature disperses the morbid matter. At another visit, he again asked him how he found his body affected? Why, says the Patient, I am now extremely cold, and have a horrible trembling and shivering all over me. Oh! this is still a better sign, and that Nature is strong and vigorous. The Doctor comes a third time, and asks the same question: The Patient tells him that he is

very much swelled and bloated, and has cold sweats constantly upon him. Oh! mighty good; there's no fear of your doing well; and immediately goes his way. When a good friend coming into the room, asked him how he did? Indeed, Sir, says the languishing sick man, I am (my Doctor says) well, though a dying man.

The MORAL.

Take Care of those whom Interest and Ignorance make Flatterers. Flattery is nauseous every where, but to distressed and dying Persons most wicked. Little Skill, and a covetous Desire of getting Fees, wrote Fool and Knave on this Doctor's Crest.

Conscience and Truth the Flatterer throws by;
To make his Interest, his Work's to Lye.
But Oh! 'tis Flattery's most vile Deceit,
A dying Man with Hope of Life to cheat.



117. TWO FRIENDS *and a BEAR.*

A Couple of wild Sparks taking a ramble into a forest, were met by a Bear. As

soon as they saw him, one of them climbs up into a tree to save himself. The other, thinking the Bear an over-match for him, threw himself flat on the Ground, appearing to the Bear without either life or motion: After the Bear had examined the Booty, and found no breath, nor any appearance of life, he disdains the carcase, walks off, and leaves him. His Companion (the Bear being gone) comes down, and asks him what the Bear whisper'd in his ear? Truly, says he, the Bear gave me this good counsel, that I should abhor, and quite abandon the Company of such false Friends as you are.

The MORAL.

We ought to be very cautious what Company we keep, and not continue in their Society, nor esteem their Friendship, who have once deceived us, or left us to struggle alone with Dangers, when by their Assistance we might easily have escaped. Such only seek their own Ends and Advantage.

Chuse not an empty Talker for a Friend;
Fair Compliments but weakly recommend.
True Friendship more substantial Weight must bear;
Professions, without Service, are but Air.

118. *The LITTLE BOY and FORTUNE.*

A Pretty little Boy being asleep upon the brink of a well, Fortune, seeing the child in danger, came to him, and waked him,

him, and bade him begone quickly: For, says she, if thou shouldst drop in and be drowned, the unthinking ignorance of the world will presently blame me for it.

The MORAL.

When any Misfortune or ill Accident befalls us we are very apt and ready to ascribe it to a wrong Cause. Nay, foolishly enough, or rather presumptuously, lay the whole Fault at God's Door, by imputing every human Calamity, whether deservedly or undeservedly fallen upon us, as purely the Act of divine Ordination and Providence, viz. God saw it fit it should be so. If it had been God's Will, it would have been otherwise: Or, if God had given him Grace, it would have been prevented: Or, it was his Luck, his Destiny, and twenty other foolish, I may say, blasphemous Charges; when, alas! God is All-Good, and does all Things like himself, an All-Wise, and All-Righteous Agent. Thus if any Thing or Accident happen otherwise than we would have or expect, though never so much owing to our own Indiscretion, Folly, Neglect, or Sloth, or any other of our Human Frailties, we are too prone to unload the Fault from ourselves, and lay the whole Blame upon the over-ruling Power: When, on the contrary, if any Good be done by us, any Mischief escaped, or Evil prevented, we are apt as unreasonably, on the other Side, to attribute the Performance to our own Skill,

Wit,

Wit, Policy, or Cunning, by very rarely acknowledging the Contribution of the divine Aid, for any such Preservation or Deliverance.

How impiously do they the God arraign,

Who Man's Transgression Heav'n's Neglect dare
Because the Almighty did not Sin restrain, [call?

And lend th' immediate Hand to stop his Fall.

God made him Lord of Reason, with Free-will,

Either to chuse the Path to Good or Ill;

Ev'n th' adult Man did his first Adam mould,

Not a mere Child, in Leading-strings to hold.



119. *The HUSBANDMAN and STORK.*

A Husbandman, who had newly sown his lands, found them so haunted with Geese and Cranes, that his future Crop was endangered by their eating up the late sown seed. To remedy this evil, the Husbandman sets his gins and snares. Many Geese and Cranes are taken; and among them a Stork.

Stork. She begs and prays most earnestly for Mercy; alledges that she was an innocent harmless Bird, most dutiful and pious towards her Parents, whom she carefully nourished and supported in their old age, and was by no means either Goose or Crane. It is very true, replied the Husbandman; but since I have taken you among Thieves, as such you shall be punished.

The MORAL.

What Business has an honest Man among Rogues? If you associate with Villains, and are taken with them, no wonder if you share their Fate.

In wicked Converse who can be a Saint?

Bad Company, ev'n Piety can taint.

Herd not with impious Guilt, then, lest thou call
Th' avenging Powers to make thee share their Fall.

120. *The SHEPHERD that went to SEA.*

A Shepherd was feeding his cattle by the sea-side: It being then very calm smooth water he had a great fancy to sell off his flock, take a trip to Sea, and turn Merchant Adventurer. He immediately converts his stock into a parcel of dates and figs, and away he sails the next fair wind. But being scarcely well got to Sea, a gust of stormy weather arose, where they were all in great danger of shipwreck, and in such distress, that they were forced to
throw

throw the goods and lading over board, and had much ado to save themselves. Our Merchant, by this fatal accident, was forced to his old trade of a Shepherd; and being not long after near the same place with his usual flock, there happened to be just such another curious calm, pleasant, flattering Sea again; which a neighbouring Shepherd then with him observed, with great admiration. Yea, yea, said the Shepherd, she would fain have such another dish of Dates and Figs; and that is the reason of her flattering calmness.

The MORAL.

As Pride and Ambition are the ready Road to Poverty; so Disappointments and Afflictions are the next Way to Wisdom. Just Endeavours and prudent Management are the best Way not only to get, but save Riches gotten. The Shepherd's Loss at Sea in a Business he did not understand, was rather a Mercy to him, to let him see his former Happiness and Safety, than any real Disappointment; for by it he gained Experience, and saved Himself, though he lost his Stock.

Losses by Providence sometimes are giv'n,
More as a Favour, than a Frown from Heav'n;
Whilst from our Loss we well taught Wisdom find,
A greater Gain, a Wealth t' enrich the Mind.

121. *The Ass and the Wolf.*

A Freakish Ass with rambling had got the prick of a thorn in her foot, and went very lame with it; she attempted many ways to draw it out, but all in vain; it still stuck there. By good chance she met with a Wolf: Let me be thy Surgeon, (says he;) let me try if I cannot hale it out. For Juno's sake do, says the Ass, or I shall shortly make a feast for you. Long I cannot live in this plaguy pain I endure; but while I do live, I would be at ease. The well-coaxed Wolf readily applies his grinders, and instantly drew out the thorn. The Ass, forgetting her pain, hits Grim such a dab on the face with the iron shoe on her hoof, that she gave the Wolf a bloody nose, left him stunned, and to lament his folly. Well, says the Wolf, (being come to himself) I am rightly served; when,

122.

A

when, being but a Butcher at best, I must needs set up for a Surgeon.

The MORAL.

It was a slippery Trick the Ass served the Wolf. We too often find our good Deeds requited with Ill; our Love with Hate. The Wolf in the Fable did what he pretended; but the Ass ungratefully, like the deceitful World, returns him an Injury for a special Act of Grace and Favour. The Wolf here was outwitted, and the Ass escapes with his Life. If the Wolf designed to prey upon the Ass, after he had cured him, he was cunningly cheated. Harm-watch, Harm-catch. The Deceiver is sometimes deceived.

Success ill chosen Changes rarely find,
Let all Men their own native Province mind;
Lest, Interloper like, kick'd out, they feel,
The rough Returns of an ungrateful Heel.



122. *The BLACK-BIRD and the FOWLER.*

A Fowler spreading his nets in order to catch some Game, a merry Black-Bird,

Bird, as she sat singing in a tree above him, innocently asked him what he was doing? who told the Bird, he was about to build a city, and presently went off to hide himself: The poor Black-Bird mistrusting nothing, came to the bait, and nibbling at it, was caught in the net. The Birdman running to the net to lay hold of her; Deceitful Villain, says she, if this be your way of building cities, you will find but few inhabitants.

The MORAL.

Oppressors and Men of Violence carry on their Designs, under the pretext or colour of doing some public good. Weak and innocent People may be imposed on, as the Black-Bird in this Fable: But that Government cannot thrive, where Liberty and Property are not secured to the Subject by good and wholesome Laws.

Specious Pretexts still cover dark Designs;
With plotting Tyranny Hypocrisy joins:
But when arriv'd to her full Height of Power,
The Mask thrown off, she does her Prey devour.
The Tyrant that crept up so slow, at last
Vengeance pursues him, and he falls as fast.

123. *The MAN and his drowned WIFE.*

A Fortunate Man, whose Wife was drowned in a river, went up the stream to seek for and enquire after the body of his dead Spouse. A Neighbour seeing him go up the stream, told him, That if he intended to find her, he must enquire and look for her down the stream. No, no, dear Neighbour,

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Neighbour, says he, my Wife's perverse will, and ill-nature, always in her life time carried her against the stream, and she will certainly be the same now she is dead.

The MORAL.

That which is crooked naturally, will with very great Difficulty be made streight. A Spirit of Contradiction is too often incurable, and will still be striving against the Stream.

Tho' Heav'n the beauteous Helpmate of Mankind
With all that out-side Angel-form array'd,
We find, alas! too oft, her perverse Mind
As crooked as the Rib whence she was made.



124. *The EAGLE and the CROW.*

AN Eagle came soufing from a high rock on the back of a Lamb, and carried her off. Nothing would serve an apish Crow, who observed it, but she must be trying the same experiment, and accordingly alights

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the back of a Ram, whose fleece so intangled her feet, that the Boys came and caught her, and made her an example to all foolish Crows.

The MORAL.

Never measure your own Corn by another Man's Bushel.

By potent Hands her Bolts of Thunder hurl'd,
Ambition walks abroad to fright the World;
But th' Apes of Heroes, when their frantic heat
To their sad Cost makes an Attempt too great:
Th' Aspirer here, in his true Fool's Coat dress'd,
Is not the Terror of Mankind, but Jest.

125. *The TRAVELLER and a BAG of DATES.*

A Traveller going a long journey, prays heartily to Jupiter for success and speed, and promises him half of whatever he found in his way: It so happened, that he found a Bag of Dates and Almonds, which he fed plentifully on, till he had gobbled up every one of them, and offers up the Stones and Shells to Jupiter at a certain Altar, and bids the God take notice that he had performed his vow, having given him the Inside of the One, and the Out-side of the Other.

The MORAL.

*A covetous Man's Promises never bind him.
He is not content to deal falsely with Men, but
will*

will even dare to break Faith, and put Tricks upon God himself.

To covetous Minds, nor true to Man or Heav'n,
Religion's but an idle Precept given,
No, his Devotion takes another Road:
His Chest's his Altar, and his Gold his God.



126. *The APE and its two CUBS.*

AN Ape brought forth Twins; one of which she was extremely fond of, but the other she as little regarded. Being once surprized, and in imminent danger, she ran away in great fear, and took up the beloved Brat in her arms, and tossed the other over her shoulder to ride a pick-a-back. In the hurry she stumbles over a great stone, and knocked the Fondling's brains out; but the

H 4

despised

despised Baby at her back came off without any danger.

The MORAL.

The foolish Fondness of indulgent Parents spoils Children; they ought not to be partial. It is unnatural to neglect one Child, and imprudent to be over fond of another. This Wickedness commonly meets with a suitable and early Punishment, and too often is fatal to, and ends in the Destruction of, the cockered Child.

If Children, by peculiar Grace of Heaven,
Are to the fruitful Womb as Blessings given;
Shall partial Parents dare be so perverse,
As t'hate ev'n their own Veins, and Blessings curse?



127. *The DOG and the OX.*

AN envious curst Cur could find no place to lie in but a stall full of hay, where,
by

by his continual snarling he hinders the laborious Ox from his dinner. Plague on you for a spiteful Cur, says the Ox, who eat no hay yourself, but hinder those who can.

The MORAL.

Some Mens Natures are of that malicious Turn, that they will not suffer another to aim at, or enjoy any Thing, which lies out of their own Reach.

Thus 'tis in Kingdoms: You can hope no Good,
When Dogs fright useful Oxen from their Food.

128. *The COUNTRYMAN and APPLE TREE.*

A Countryman had an Apple-Tree which bore excellent Fruit; the choicest of which he used to make a present of every year to his Landlord in the City; who was so ravished with the deliciousness of the Apples, that he transplanted the Tree into his own Orchard. The Tree being very old, presently decayed: The Landlord lost both his Tree and Fruit: Which when he was informed of, Ah! says he, what a hard thing it is to transplant an old Tree? Were it not for my greediness, I might have had Fruit enough from it when it stood in my Tenant's ground.

The MORAL.

Actions attempted contrary to the Law and Order of Nature are to be avoided: Wise Nature will, and does observe her own Way, in producing and preserving her own Productions. It is great Folly to think she errs voluntarily, having no irregular Appetites. If she errs, or rather ceases to operate regularly, it is occasioned by some adventitious or extraneous Agent thereto moving; like the foolish Removal of the Apple-Tree, at too great an Age, into a foreign heterogeneous Soil.

The Over-wise do Over-much require;
He's truly wise who curbs his own Desire.

129. *The BOY and his MOTHER.*

A Boy having stolen a Book from one of his Fellow Scholars, brought it home to his Mother; she not correcting him for it, he still, as opportunity offered, found things before they were lost. At last he became, through practice, very expert in the art of cleanly conveyance; but fate at last shewed him a dog's trick; he was taken up for his theft, tried, convicted, and condemned. As he was going to execution, his Mother followed him blubbering and crying: The poor Wretch desired leave of the Officers that guarded him, to speak to his Mother in private, which they readily granted.

granted. He pretending to whisper somewhat to her, as she listened to hear what he had to say, bit off her ear. The poor sorrowful Woman cried out hideously, and the whole Guard and Crowd exclaimed against the unnatural act of the Boy, and blamed him, not only as a Thief, but as an impious Rebel against his Parent. Why, says he, she was the cause of my ruin; for had she given me just and severe correction when I stole the horn-book, being then a Boy, I should not have followed the thieving trade, nor have come to the halter now I am a Man.

The MORAL.

Wickedness permitted or connived at in Youth, by growing habitual, becomes incurable. An old Dog cannot change his custom. It is of absolute Necessity that Children learn what is good betimes, and be instructed in sound Morals, and managed with wholesome and prudent Discipline, and be well taught to know and distinguish betwixt Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, as the only Way to prevent or reform vicious Practices.

Unless we young Offenders well chastise,
Still with their Age their growing Vices rise;
Wittier in Mischief still, but never wise.

130. JUPITER *and the APE.*

JUPITER being very desirous to know which of all the mortal Creatures had the fairest Offspring, summons them all to appear before him. The whole Tribe of Birds and Beasts readily come; and who should present herself in the front but the mimick Ape, with her favourite Cub in her arms, as the greatest Beauty? The whole Company laughed heartily, and Jupiter himself, (though a God) could not forbear sniggering. Well says the Ape, you may all say what you please; but I am sure Jupiter knows ne'er a one of you can compare with my pretty Child.

The MORAL.

*It is an intolerable Vanity in any Man to have
a fond Opinion of his own Merit, Wit, Shape,
or*

or Beauty: For Self-love generally gives the Cast of our own Side. We are apt to think that most valuable and beautiful that we are inclined to love: But to make a just Judgment, we should set aside natural Inclinations, and Self-Opinion, and judge by Reason.

What if the Ape her fondled Brat so prais'd,
That even the very Smile of Jove she rais'd?
Her foolish Fondness tho' we may deride;
'Tis Nature's Weakness still on the Right Side.
Perhaps his own Creation to uphold,

No less than even by Jove himself design'd,
All Creatures for their own that Value hold,
To make the tenderer Nurses to their Kind.



131. *The CROW and the SHEEP.*

A Pert Crow stood chattering on the back of an innocent, peaceable Sheep, who told the Crow, if she served a Dog so, it would be as much as her life was worth.

Phoo,

Phoo, cries the bold impertinent Crow, I know with whom I have to deal; it is but a silly Sheep.

The MORAL.

Evil Men have a general Quarrel with those that are innocent and sincere; while the hardened Sinner shall brazen it through all Opposition.

Learn from the Daw and Sheep more Sense and Wit,
The Bold are Prosperous, while the Tame submit.



132. *The LION, BULL, and GOAT.*

A Sturdy Bull, being vigorously pursued by a hungry voracious Lion, was met by a Goat, who knit his brows, and pushed at him with his horns. The Bull was provoked to the highest degree, and told the Goat, that if he had not such a powerful Enemy as a Lion at his heels, he would let him

him know what it was to contend against, and fight with a Bull, and take the advantage of his misfortune.

The MORAL.

One Pair of Heels is worth two Pair of Hands, when a resolute, desperate, and powerful Enemy seeks our Destruction. Some Men are guilty of such Inhumanity, as to persecute the Miserable. 'Tis better to put up an Injury than stay to revenge it, when a greater Evil pursues.

Weakness itself crows over falling Pow'r,
Insulting what it trembled at before.
Ev'n coward Goats, with a disdainful Smile,
Dare front the very Lion in the Toil.

133. *An OLD MAN and a LION.*

A Certain old Gentleman, having one only Son, of a generous, brave, bold spirit, and a great lover of hunting, dream'd he saw his Son devour'd by a Lion. He could not get it out of his mind, nor efface the idea of his Son's murder, but continually imagin'd it would come to pass. To prevent which, he built a most stately, beautiful, and pleasant house, adorn'd with all the curiosities that Art or Nature could invent to furnish it with, in which he kept his Son a Prisoner; and, that he might be the more safe and secure, he watch'd him daily. Amongst the multitude of curiosities, there was abundance of most rich Paintings, and amongst them the picture of a fierce voracious

ous Lion, done by an exquisite hand, which the confined young Gentleman viewing, was moved with indignation, and exclaims at the picture after this manner: Oh, thou most savage Beast! for my Father's foolish dream I am here made a Prisoner: What shall I do to thee? and passionately smote the painted Lion with his fist, which hit upon a nail that stuck out of the wall unobserved, which turned to an ulcer, and mortified, and put the miserable wretch into a fever, who died upon't: So that a Lion was the cause of his death, and all the Father's care could not prevent it.

The MORAL.

Man does what he can, but God what he will: Or, as the French have it, Man proposes, God disposes. He that is over solicitous, may possibly bring about that very Thing he labours to prevent. Those People that govern their Lives by Dreams and Whims, and not by Reason and sound Judgment, can never be prosperous, easy, nor happy.

What God designs, however Men prepare,
Cannot diverted be by human Care.
So impotent is weak Mortality,
That hopes t'oppose immutable Decree.



134. *The CASTOR, or BEAVER.*

THE Beaver's Stones being useful in Medicine, by some private instinct the Creature knows that for them he is pursued by the Hunters: When hard pressed, and closely chased, and under little hopes of escaping, he bites them off to save his life, casting a sad and dismal look upon his Persecutors.

The MORAL.

Hence we may learn by this Example of the Beaver, that Life is sweet, who from meer natural Instinct pays so dear to purchase it. A wise Man will part with Gold, precious Stones, and Limbs too, to save Life; Self-preservation is the first Law.

Even our most darling Treasures, all we have,
We freely give a Ransom from the Grave;
A Bribe of richer Dust, our own to save.

135. *The*

135. *The FORTUNE-TELLER.*

A Juggling Spark of a Fortune-Teller, sitting in the publick Market-place amongst his Schemes, with a Crowd of petty Chapmen ready to lay out their fools pence to purchase the knowledge of their future Fortunes, and to be assured of what good or ill should happen to them: In the midst of all his bustle and fool's business, one came to him, and told him, that his house was broke open and robbed. The Conjuror leaves his Customers, and in all haste runs home to know the truth on't. A sly cunning Fellow observing his haste, says, O Sir! you can never be a good Fortune-Teller to others, that know so little of your own, and what is doing in your own house.

The

The MORAL.

He is not properly a wise Man, that is not so to himself. He that sets up for a Counsellor, or Instructor of others, when his own Affairs lie at Sixes and Sevens, is guilty of a double Folly. Sometimes cheating Knaves set up this Way of Employment, and Fools maintain them in it.

Oh! he's a wondrous Star-gazer, whose Eyes,
Can peep into the Closets of the Skies;
See there th' immortal Powers lay the whole Plan
Of mortal Fates; (believe him he that can!)
The Work in Twelve Celestial Houses done,
Yet knows not what is doing in his own.

136. *The FOX and the CROCODILE.*

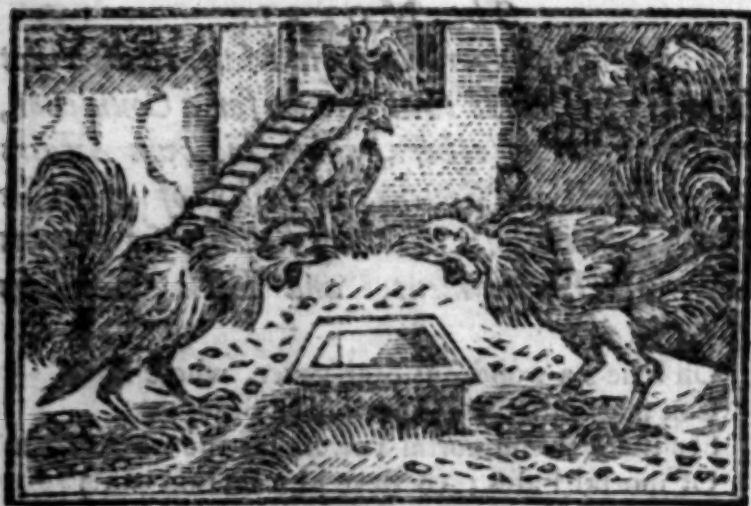
A Fox and a Crocodile had a sharp controversy about the nobleness and high dignity of their respective Families. The Crocodile run off many arguments for proof, and bragged unreasonably of the splendor and glory of his Ancestors. But the Fox smiled, and said, Hark ye, Friend, although you do not speak it, it appears by your Skin, that you have been long since stripped of the honour and dignity of your Family.

The MORAL.

Liars have need of good Memories. Few have been so well qualified that Way, but have had the good Luck to betray themselves.

Great Boasting makes none noble, brave, or stout;
The Mark Long-bow-men often over-shoot.

137. *Two*

137. *Two Cocks fighting.*

THERE happened a quarrel between a Game and a Dunghill Cock; he that was used to strut amongst the Hens, was worsted, and forced to hide his head. The Conqueror flies up to the top of the house, where he clapped his wings, crew for the victory, and triumphed with great pride; but whilst he is in the height of his glory, an Eagle comes pondering down upon his back, snatches him up with her talons, and off she carries him; which the skulking Chanticleer below beheld with pleasure and satisfaction, and assumes again the possession of his former province, and his Mistresses into the bargain.

The MORAL.

It is not prudent to be too bold and presuming in a Victory hastily obtained. To be proud in Prof-

Prosperity, is the ready and next Step to Adversity. A generous Enemy shuns vain Glory, and makes a prudent and modest Use of the Advantages he obtains over his Adversary, remembring that it is possible for himself to suffer the same Fate. The most exalted Spoke in the Wheel of Fortune may soon be the lowest, and most depressed.

Vainglorious Pride in Shame's worst Liv'ry cloath'd
Vile in all Eyes, by Man and Heav'n so loath'd,
Even Heroes in triumphant Chariots borne,
To treat their captive Slaves with too much Scorn,
When such imperious Insolence has seiz'd 'em,
Forfeit the very Providence that rais'd 'em.



138. *The EAGLE and a BEETLE.*

A Hare close pursued by an Eagle runs for safety to the house of a Beetle, and desires her protection. The Eagle comes up to

to the place; but the Beetle desired her to do no violence to the Hare, for she was her Servant. The Eagle despising the Beetle's request, immediately devours the Hare before her face. The Beetle took this as a great affront, and vowed to be revenged, waiting for an opportunity, which quickly happened. In the absence of the Eagle the Beetle crept up a high tree into her nest, and by a nice contrivance tumbles down the eggs. The Eagle, after this disappointment, changed her nest, but to no purpose; the Beetle still found out a way to destroy her eggs. The Eagle, touched with the disappointment, went to her Patron Jupiter, appealed to him, and begged a place of him where she might lay and hatch her eggs with safety: Jupiter gave her leave to lay them in his lap. The resolute revengeful Beetle crept up, without Jupiter's knowledge, by the fringe and folds of his mantle, and secretly moved the eggs; which Jupiter seeing, did not give himself time to examine the occasion, but in all haste shook his lap, and tumbled all the eggs down and broke them. So the Eagle was still disappointed.

The MORAL.

It is a most provoking Injury to break in upon the Rights of Hospitality, in which Case Revenge is allowable. No Man, how mean

or

or little soever, is to be despised. The meanest and most inconsiderate Enemy may find a Way to do Mischief. Oppression and Violence ought not to be countenanced by any well regulated Power; for such Permission is tyrannical.

Great Men may suffer, who oppress the Poor:
His Day has every Dog, each Man his Hour.
Ev'n despis'd Weakness may find means to smite
The Mighty, in Revenge of injur'd Right.



139. *The HUSBANDMAN and his SONS.*

A Countryman that had lived (by his hard and honest Industry) handsomely and creditably, though meanly in the world, perceiving his life to be near an end, and desiring his Sons might follow his example, and be well skilled in husbandry, called them both before him, and said, My Sons, I am
now

now going the way of all flesh: All the treasure and wealth I have to bestow on you is hid in my vineyard; which pray dig and search narrowly for, and when found, divide it equally amongst you. The Father dying, and the funeral obsequies being over, the Sons, animated with the hopes of finding a considerable treasure bequeathed by their Father, fall to digging and turn the whole vineyard over and over, yet find no hidden treasure; but it being well and seasonably digged, brought forth more abundantly, and very much enriched them, which was treasure enough.

The MORAL.

The mean Estate of Life in which this Husbandman lived, is very much to be coveted, and the Advice he gave to his Sons was his best Legacy, and most to be desired. Certainly Riches obtained by stout unwearied Endeavours, and a continued just Industry, are the Blessing of God, and are, to an honest Man, as the Earnest of a better Inheritance, besides the present Benefit and Satisfaction he acquires in the daily Enjoyment of them.

'Tis Industry that sows and reaps. True Gains
Are still acquir'd by Labour, Sweat, and Pains.
We worldly Blessings by this Tenure hold;
The Diggers only find the Mine of Gold.



140. *The LAMB and the WOLF.*

A Tender innocent young Lamb was walking along in the company, and under the protection, of a lusty strong He Goat: A hungry Wolf by chance passed by: The Wolf pretends to wonder, and in kind and gentle words asks the Lamb, why it would leave its loving Mother for the nauseous company of a nasty, rank, stinking He Goat? The Wolf, with many flattering insinuations, endeavours to persuade the Lamb to leave the Goat, and return home to its Dam, who longed to see it, and whose dugs were swelled with sweet milk ready for its sucking. The Wolf took all this pains, in hopes to separate the Lamb from its stout and vigorous Guardian. But Fate baffles the stratagem of the greedy and designing Wolf. For the Lamb thus rejects his motion: My good Mother, subtle Wolf, committed me to

the care and protection of this kind Friend:
I shall therefore obey my Mother's command in keeping close to this my Defender, and not hearken to you, who will, no doubt, devour me, if you could get me alone.

The MORAL.

Youth should steadily and dutifully obey their Parents, and adhere constantly to their Tutors, Governors, and Guardians; in whose Love, Wisdom and Experience they are safe: But if they suffer themselves to be seduced, and run carelessly from under their Care and Government, it generally terminates in fatal Disasters and Ruin.

It is dangerous trusting to that tempting Power,
Whose Tongue can flatter, but her Mouth devour.
Let not young Heads on their own Strength rely,
But walk secure within their Guardian's Eye.
For when from their protecting Care they stray,
They throw their Safety, Shield, and Life away.



141. *The DOG and the LION.*

A Jolly good humoured Dog, as luck would have it, meets with a hungry

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lean Lion: Tray merrily accosts him, and tells him he looked very sharp and thin; what a figure you make? You have scarce flesh enough to cover your bones; you only take pains to starve yourself, by rambling, roving, and raking in woods and desarts, while I enjoy ease and plenty, and have a snack of favour from every dish and trencher at the table: See how smooth and sleek, how fat and plump I am. Yes, yes, Mr. Tray, I see you are in very good plight, and that you are fatter, and in much better case than I am in; but I have something more valuable than all those enjoyments you brag on and possess. Pray, good Mr. Lion, what is that? Why, *I'm my own Master*. You foolish Cur, you must go and come, fetch and carry, and be drubbed into the bargain: Dost think I can be so mean and low spirited as to sell my lean LIBERTY for thy fat SLAVERY? No, no, Liberty is more valuable than Life; and so, Mr. Dog, your humble Servant.

The MORAL.

The free Enjoyment of Liberty and Property is an Englishman's Paradise. Food and Raiment, and all other common Enjoyments of Life, are very comfortable and eligible, but not sufficient Recompence for the Loss of Liberty. He that sells his Liberty to gratify his Lusts, is a base Drudge to many Masters; whilst the honest

I 2
Man,

Man, who scorns to sacrifice the innocent Freedom of a good Conscience, enjoys a comfortable Estate under the meanest Circumstances, which the greatest Tyrant upon Earth (if the other be but steady in his Mind) has not the Power to divest him of.

How does the free, but low-born Cottage Swain,
Tho' Lord but of a Hut, and bleating Train,
His happier State by nobler Tenure hold,
Than the Court Minion clad in Chains of Gold.



142. *The DOG invited to SUPPER.*

A Good humoured sociable Gentleman invited his Friend to an entertainment; and having a genteel Dog, he also invites his brother Dog to sup with him. The stranger Dog accepts of the kind invitation, and in he walks; and being pretty sharp set, took a turn into the kitchen, where he smelt a most fragrant refreshing smell, and saw plenty of good cheer making ready, at which he
licked

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licked his lips, and was as pleased and merry as could be, and hoped to make a glorious meal on it, enough to serve him a day or two: So wagging his tail, and strutting up and down, he blessed himself for so happy an opportunity. But the waggish rogue Cook taking notice of the poor pleased Cur, claps hold of his tail, and whirling him about, tosses honest Tray out of the window. The poor Dog, being as it were thunder-struck, found his feet at last, and ran away limping and yelping, in great confusion and disappointment, with a company of uninvited Curs at his heels, who asked him how he had fared: Ah! says he, I have so crammed myself with delicious dainties, that I could not see the way out of the house again.

The MORAL.

He that makes himself cock-sure of some great Advantage, and is transported with Expectation, frequently meets with Disappointment, and blasts his former ill-grounded Hopes. The Evening crowns the Day.

Fortune delights to blast bold Hopes with Loss,
Sends home excessive Joy by th' weeping Cross.

143. *The WOMAN and her DAUGHTERS.*

A Rich Woman having two Daughters, one of them being dead, she hired Mourners to attend the Corps. Alas! says

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the surviving Daughter, We, who ought to mourn, seem unconcerned, and they who are nothing related to Us make a grievous lamentation. To which the Mother answered, Daughter, you must not wonder at this, for they do it for money.

144. *The BISHOP and his CURATE.*

A Country Curate had a pretty little Dog, which he was very fond of: This little darling took pet and died, to the great regret of his Master, who buried him in the Church-yard. The Bishop was informed of the fact, and calls the Curate in question for putting such an indignity on his function, and polluting hallowed ground. The Bishop being poor and covetous, and the Curate rich and liberal, and knowing the Bishop's necessities, carries a bag of money, and being cited, appears before the Bishop, who charges him with a most heinous crime, and threatned him with imprisonment, and what not? My Lord, (says the Curate,) if your Lordship knew how sensible the poor creature was, and what a good end he made, you'd think he deserved a burying-place among Men. As how? said the Bishop. An't please your Lordship, he made a will, and having a particular veneration for your Lordship, he left you a hundred crowns for a Legacy,

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a Legacy, and here it is for you. The Reverend Bishop, upon receipt of the money, approved of the will, and gave the Priest absolution.

The MORAL for the preceding FABLES.

Such is the Power and irresistible Force of Gold, that all Orders and Conditions of Men may, by its shining Glory, be corrupted, &c.

Further Reflections to both the FABLES.

GOLD is a general Purchaser; buys all,
 From the high Altar, Palace, Bench, or Hall,
 Down to the humble Cottage, Hut, or Stall. }
 Buys Smiles or Tears, melts Eyes, or dries 'em; Gold,
 Like Æsop's Satyr, buys Breath hot or cold;
 Makes out all Wants, and all Defects supplies;
 Ev'n the old wrinkled Hag young Courtiers buys.
 Can buy an Ass a Panegyrick; build
 A Dog a Monument; Vice with Virtue gild;
 Nay buys a Coward Laurels — And what not? }
 Thus the proud Gaul the Stile of Great has got,
 That ne'er fac'd Foe in Reach of Cannon Shot. }
 Buys Knaves an Office, Traytors Powers and Trust;
 High or Low Fliers bought with shining Dust.
 Buys Villainy a Mask; Hypocrisy, Paint;
 Buys inside Devils the outside Face of Saint.
 Buys Tyrants, Champions, Cut-throats, Caps and
 Knees;
 Buys Lies and Oaths; buys Souls and Consciences.
 Buys Prayers or Curses; buys both Earth and Hell;
 Nay, buys Heav'n, too, at least, if Rome can sell.
 What is it which that tempting Ore can't buy?
 Why every thing but Truth and Honesty.

145. *The LION and the MAN.*

A Majestick Lion, and a proud haughty Man happened to travel together: Each of them praised his own good qualities, till a sharp controversy arose betwixt them about the priority and dignity of their persons; and whilst they were hot in the dispute, they came to a statue, cut in stone, of a Man who had subdued a Lion, with his foot upon his neck. Look you now, (says the Man) here's a sufficient proof of my argument. Oh! said the Lion, if we Lions had been made good Statuaries, and taught to carve, you would have seen ten for one of Men conquered by Lions.

The MORAL.

Every Tree is known by its Fruit. We should not pretend to excel others, and be Judges of our own

own Performances. Boasters take up weak Arguments to defend their own imaginary Honour, as the Fancies of Painters and Carvers, which are but thin Things (like bare Possibilities) to build Arguments upon.

Were all Men their own Heralds, a rich Coat
Would be a Purchase very cheaply bought.
Should every one too judge in his own Cause,
We should enjoy no Peace, nor Right, nor Laws.

146. *The FOX and the HEN.*

A Hungry busy Fox having entered a Hen-roost, found the old feeble Hen lying sick upon her nest, and asked her how she did? Alas! Mr. Reynard, said the Hen, I am much out of order, and very bad indeed; and you have brought such a noisome smell with you, it makes me ready to faint and die away: But if you'd please to depart, my dying pangs would be less tormenting, and I should expire with greater satisfaction.

The MORAL.

An unbidden Guest knows not where to sit down. Some Visits are not seasonable, nor the Visitors acceptable; who sometimes visit the Sick, not so much for their Recovery, as what they can get. Some come as Spies, like Vulturs and Foxes, who only wait for the Carcase.

Suspected Visitants do not well please
The Sick, but add some Pain to his Disease.
Th' officious Piety's too thin a Veil,
When with dissembling Tears his Pains they wail.
While come to spy with such a fair Pretence,
They only wish him a good Journey hence.

147. *The ANT and the DOVE.*

AN Ant being thirsty, and going to the side of a well to drink, accidentally dropped in, and was like to be drowned. An innocent Dove, seeing the Ant in danger of her life, breaks a branch from a tree, and threw it into the well. The Ant climbing up by the boughs arrives safe upon dry land. Immediately a Fowler coming by, and seeing the Dove, makes an offer to shoot her; but while he took his aim, the Ant perceiving his design, stings the Man's foot, which made him start, spoiled his aim, and drop his piece; the noise of which frightened away the Pigeon, who by that means escaped the danger.

The MORAL.

One good Turn requires another. Most creatures distinguish betwixt kind and coarse Treatment,

ment, and will pay an Acknowledgment accordingly: How much more ought Men to be hospitable and grateful, to whom a good Turn, a kind Office, or Act of Friendship has been serviceable and beneficial? One good Man or kind Friend is worth—Nay, his Worth is invaluable.

If for good Offices which they receive,
Irrational Creatures kind Returns can give;
Th' Abhorrence of Ingratitude, how ought
The Sovereign Lord of Reason to be taught?
With Shame then let th' ungrateful Wretches see,
Ev'n the poor Brutes teach Man Humanity.



148. *The FAWN and the STAG.*

A Fawn asks a Stag the reason why he was so afraid of the Dogs? You are, said he, much bigger and swifter, and better armed to defend yourself in a close fight, and what need you fear a company of yelping whiffing curs? This is all true, said the

Stag, yet for my life and soul, I cannot help it; for whenever I hear these yelping Dogs bark, I cannot prevent fear seizing of me, and I am forced to run for it.

The MORAL.

There is no Fence against Fear. No Philosophy nor Reason can prevent it, nor introduce Presence of Mind where there is a Want of human Courage and Spirit: He that is naturally fearful will never stand a Battle. One Pair of Heels is worth two Pair of Hands. A Coward's Heart is in his Heels, and there is his Confidence.

Not out-side Coats of Mail, nor Steel will do,
Unless the Heart within's tough Metal too.
No Fence for Fear, no Eloquence prevails,
Good Courage to inspire, when Nature fails.

149. *The FOX and the BRAMBLE.*

A Fox mounted a hedge to avoid a pressing danger just at his heels, and in snatching hold of a Bramble, pricked his paw. Being sore wounded with the prickles, he thus bitterly exclaims: Oh! thou perfidious Bramble, I fled to thee for refuge, and thou hast done me the worst mischief. The Bramble replies, Why so hot, good Mr. Fox? You are in the wrong to expect any favour or kindness from me: Don't you know you are a common Villain? You thought to put a trick upon me, as you used to do on others; but now you are met with, and much good may it do you.

The

The MORAL.

*Ill-will never said well, nor ever does well,
unless it could not do otherwise. However, there
is nothing amiss in this Case, when he that puts
Tricks upon others, has only met with his Match.*

Perverse Ill-nature, unprovok'd, can make
Projects of Mischief, for mere Mischief Sake.
'Twere well she never play'd a worser Trick,
Than, Bramble like, the Fox's Fingers prick.



150. *The FOX and the HE-GOAT.*

A Thirsty Fox and a He-Goat by consent
went down into a well to drink; but
when they had quenched their thirst, the
Goat was even at his wits end how to get out
again. Chear up, Man, says the wiley sly
Fox, I have contrived a way by which we
may

may both get out again : Stand you upright with thy feet and horns close to the wall, I will mount thy shoulders, and then step upon thy horns, and whip out, and then I will draw thee out with a jerk. No sooner said than done. The Fox leaped out, and being safely landed, the false treacherous Loon stood leering by the well's mouth, and, instead of helping out the poor distressed Goat, the sneering rascal laughed him to scorn. The Goat accuses him of falsehood. Thou silly fool, says the Fox, if thou had'st had but half so much wit as beard, thou'dst not have gone down into the well, without well considering how to have got out again.

The MORAL.

Look before you leap. Men of Wisdom and Counsel, before they undertake any Thing of Moment, examine well the Circumstances, and consider the End of it. A Man may come soon enough to an ill Bargain, and can never act with too much Caution.

An Action unadvis'd proves Labour lost,
And rash Attempts are to the Author's Cost ;
Mark th' End ; no Reckoning without your Host. }

151. *The Fox and the Hunters.*

A Fox being much tired and baffled in a chase, by chance met with a Carpenter, and begged his protection. The Man conducts his Guest to a little cottage, where he hid himself safe in a corner. The Hunters came up and asked the Woodmonger if he saw a Fox. No, says the Man, I saw none; and at the same time points with his finger to the place where Reynard was hid; but the Hunters not taking the hint, presently marched off. The Fox peeps out through a crevice, and perceived the treachery of the Carpenter, and seeing the coast clear, scampers off also. Soho, says the Man, what, Mr. Reynard, are you going, and no thanks for my kindness? Yes, yes, says Reynard, if you had been as honest in your dumb signs, as you were in your words, you would deserve thanks indeed; but—good bye to you.

The MORAL.

Deceitful Men promise fair Things to cover their ill Designs. Men may tell Lies by Signs, as well as by Words at length, and make Use of Evasions to save their Veracity: But this is only a more refined Knavery, and there's no trusting him again that has once deceived us.

From open Foes we may ourselves defend;
But Heav'n defend us from a crafty Friend.
He that has once escap'd from such a Snare,
To trust him will a second Time beware.

152. *The BOY and the SCORPION.*

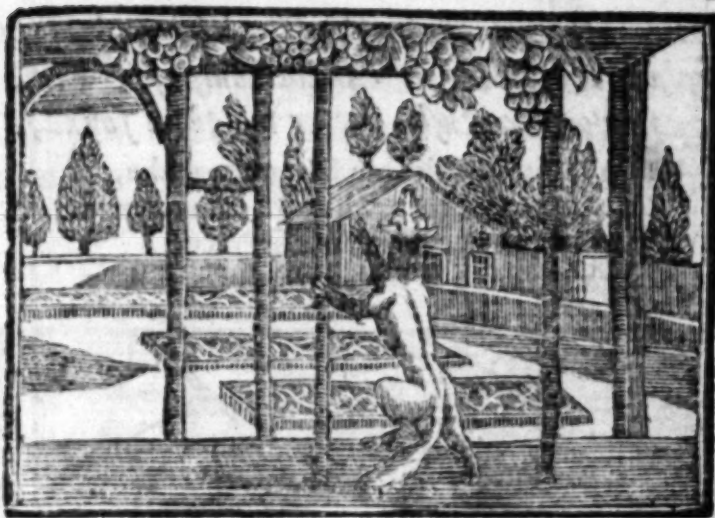
AN arch Boy, who was tickling of Trouts and groping for Eels in their holes, laid hold of a Scorpion, and was going to pull him out: The Scorpion perceiving it was pure ignorance in the Boy, in not distinguishing between an Eel and a Scorpion, bid him take heed what he did, and be sure to withdraw his hand, lest he should catch a Tartar, and repent too late.

The MORAL.

The Morality of Mens Actions chiefly consists in the Will. Therefore when a Fault is committed, the Circumstance ought to be considered. A Fault of Ignorance is excusable; and an undesigned Injury ought to be pardoned.

Wilful Transgressions do their Crimes enhance; }
But in the Trips of Weakness, Sins of Chance, }
We pity an offending Ignorance. }

153. *The*

153. *The FOX and GRAPES.*

A Fox passing by, and spying a Vine loaded with delicious ripe Grapes, his Mouth watered at them: He leered up at and wanted to be tasting, trying all possible Methods, by mounting and leaping up at them, but for his soul he could not get a single one, they being above his reach. Hang them, (says Reynard,) they are as sour as verjuice, and not worth while to trouble one's self about them.

The MORAL.

Wise Men try not for what they cannot obtain; and cunning disdainful Knaves, under Disappointments, imitate them. It is a Sort of Shame to be baffled, or to shew we have the Will, but want Power to accomplish: And therefore common Policy makes some Excuse for the foolish Attempt,

Attempt, and finds Fault with, and slightly values the Thing it cannot compass; Pish, it is not worth a Rush; better lost than found, &c.

When an impracticable Siege we make,
'Tis wise to cheapen what we cannot take.
With Policy we cover our Disgrace,
A slighted Prize is never worth the Chace.



154. *The WOLF and the FOX.*

A Wolf having a good stock of prey by him, kept at home, and lived at his ease. A neighbouring Fox suspected the matter, and longing to share with him, makes him a visit, asks him how he does, and why he keeps so much within. The Wolf readily guessed at the Fox's meaning, and to get handsomely rid of him, pretends that he keeps in because of a great indisposition that he laboured under, and intreats the Fox, as his good friend and neighbour, to

go and implore the Gods for his recovery. The Fox departs, sensible that he was found out, was mad at the disappointment, and vowed to be revenged. He informs a Shepherd hard by, that a Wolf lay lurking in his neighbourhood, and his flock was in danger; also tells him he might easily surprize and destroy the Wolf, and instructs him in the approaches to the cave where the Wolf was sheltered. The Shepherd accordingly sets upon the Wolf and kills him; by which means the Fox got possession of the cave and his prey; but he did not long enjoy the fruits of his treachery; for the same Shepherd soon after surprizes and destroys the crafty undermining Fox also.

The MORAL.

Envy, Covetousness, Revenge, and Treachery, are often so eager to destroy others, that they involve themselves also in the same or swift succeeding Ruin. And most commonly those that make Use of Traytors, despise, detest, and destroy them, when the Service and Benefit of the Treason is over. They love the Treason but hate the Traytors.

Check the most early Sproutings you can find
Of Avarice and Envy in your Mind.

They rack the tortur'd Heart 'twixt Hopes and Fears,
And fill the anxious Thoughts with deadly Cares.
And if at last they gain their dark Designs,
Their own Destruction in their ruin'd Neighbours
joins.

155. *The FISHERMEN.*

A Company of Fishermen having with great patience fished a long time to no manner of purpose, and being sick with hunger, and vexed with disappointment, had resolved to be gone; and just as they were taking up their tackle, instantly a large Salmon leaped into the boat, to the great joy of the poor fellows, who made a good market of it.

The MORAL.

Providence often brings to pass that which all the Art and Contrivance of Man could not effect, and is ready to reward those who follow an honest Calling, with constant Industry and Patience.

To murmur at slow Blessings is a Crime;
 We ought to wait th' all-giving Power's own Time.
 If Heav'n its Favours does not now extend,
 Good Works with Patience finds an happy End.

156. *The*



156. *The FROG and the FOX.*

A Frog that lived in a fen set up for a Physician, and impudently bragged that he excelled all others in the Æsculapian art, and had exquisite knowledge in distempers, and prepared infallible remedies that never failed curing all diseases. A Fox, whose bilious habit could not endure to hear the braggadocio Frog bounce after that rate, told him he was a mere Quack, and asked how he could pretend to cure other people, when his own limping gave himself the lye?

The MORAL.

It is good to keep a Hatch before the Door. We should be cautious how we challenge any Excellency, lest Envy bespatter us. He that magnifies himself and his own Performances,
and

and by public or private Methods vilifies and lessens others, will be sure to bear of his own Failings, it may be, with Addition to them.

When Ostentation trumps her own false Fame,
She blazons not her Honour, but her Shame.

Nay, th' higher soars her Pride, she does but shew,
Her own Deformity t' a fairer View,

'Tis a mad Vulcan sets up for a Beau.

157. *The NIGHTINGALE and HAWK.*

WHILST a Nightingale was pleasantly singing upon a green shady bough, a hungry Hawk surprizes and snatches her up. The poor Nightingale, apprehensive of the danger she was in, humbly begs of the Hawk to let her go, and seek after a plumper bird to satisfy her appetite; for her small lean carcase would do him no good. The Hawk replies, I should deserve to be starved, and to be marked for a fool, if I should part with the little I have, for a larger meal I do not know where, nor when I may get.

The MORAL.

Some Thing has some Savour. When there is present Occasion, it is great Folly to part with a small Benefit upon an uncertain Expectation of a larger Purchase. A Bird in Hand is worth two in the Bush.

'Tis Folly to refuse what Fortune sends,
Without good Reason to expect Amends.
Possession, tho' but small, still makes some Feast,
When Expectation's airy Food at best.

158. *The*



158. *The FOWLER and the PARTRIDGE.*

A Fowler took a Partridge, and as he was going to kill her, she made a pitiful moan, and offered to draw all the whole Covies into his net, if he would be so kind and merciful to spare her life. No, no, said he, I will now certainly dispatch you, because you would betray your friends.

The MORAL.

Treachery is a most odious and detestable Crime; it is the Ruin of Society, without which Men cannot live. A generous and brave Mind never accepts of treasonable Offers, however advantageous to him; nor will he suffer the Traytor to go unexposed, nor unpunished.

Fidelity

Fidelity wears such a lovely Face,
That e'en from Enemies it can find Grace ;
Whilst Traytors from Mankind so ill deserve,
They're hated e'en by those whose Cause they serve.

159. JUPITER *and the BEE.*

A Bee, to curry favour with the God Jupiter, brought him a present of virgin honey. Jupiter was pleased with the offering, and gave the Bee liberty to ask any thing, and it should be granted to her. The pleased Bee dropped a curt'sy, and begged that, for defence of her honey, her sting might be mortal. Jupiter, surprized at the request, and being more a friend to men than to leave them in such danger, told the Bee, that if she stung any man, and left the sting behind her, the loss of it would be her own death.

The

ÆSOP'S FABLES. 193

The MORAL.

Every Bird must hatch her own Eggs. The ill Wishes, or Prayers, of malicious Persons, return upon their own Heads. Divine Goodness will not encourage Malice, but will rather punish a Man with those Evils, which he prays may fall upon others. The Evil that flows out of thy own Mouth flies into thy Bosom.

Offerings of Honey and a Prayer of Gall!
Hard fronted Malice thus on Jove to call!
His Ear is not so caught. No, hated Spight
Pulls down from Heav'n the Rods, itself to smite.



160. The FROGS and the HARES.

A Company of disconsolate fearful Hares meeting together, there was a general lamentation among them, because they were miserable (as they thought) above all

K

other

other creatures. For, said they, not only Men, but Dogs, Eagles, and most other rapacious creatures are our mortal enemies, and always seek our ruin and destruction: It is better for us to die once for all, than to be in perpetual fear of death. They resolve therefore, one and all, to drown themselves; and away they scamper to the next lake or pond they could meet with, to dispatch themselves. A colony of Frogs, sunning themselves at the brink of the water, and hearing the clutter and great noise just upon them, all leaped forthwith into the water for fear. Hold, Neighbours, says one of the foremost Hares, it is not so bad with us as we feared and imagined; there are some people as fearful of us as we are of them. Therefore we ought to assume more courage, and have better thoughts of our circumstances; for our condition of life is not so miserable as we imagined.

The MORAL.

It is some Comfort to the Miserable, that Providence permits degrees of Misery, and to let the Distressed see others as miserable as themselves: And common Observation demonstrates, that there is not a State or Condition of Life, nor any Person of so timorous or abject a Mind or Disposition, but another may be still as bad, or worse. Therefore we should be content with our present State, lest a Change be to our Disadvantage,

vantage, and we leap out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.

Great Madneſs 'tis at common Miſery
To murmur; and, for fear of Death, to die.
No, let the Wretch no more deſpair, but live,
And to his Pains at leaſt this Comfort give:
Look round, and ſee, he's not unbleſſ'd alone:
He'll find ſome States more wretched than his own.



161. *The WOMAN and her HEN.*

A Country good Houſewife had a Hen that laid her golden eggs: The Woman judging that ſhe had ſome hidden inexhauſtible mine of treaſure within her, becauſe ſhe laid ſuch eggs, killed the poor Creature: But upon examination ſhe proved like another Hen, to the great confuſion and diſappointment of the avaritious wretch, who by that means loſt a conſiderable and

daily advantage, through her griping unsatiable desire of getting more.

The MORAL.

Much would have more; but often meets with Loss, even where there is a seeming certainty of getting it, to the great Mortification of a covetous unsatisfied Mind. This is one of the Punishments of a Miser, that whilst he is gaping, and full of Confidence, his golden Hopes are disappointed.

No Ignis Fatuus like a golden Dream :
The vent'rous Fool, led by its flattering Beam,
By headlong Avarice to Ruin push'd,
Hazards his All, his Hope and Fortune's crush'd.
Thus when the empty Vision disappears,
True Midas like, he hangs his Ais's Ears.

162. *The YOUNG MAN and a SWALLOW.*

A Young Spendthrift, having wasted his Fortune to the coat on his back, seeing a Swallow before the season, believed Summer and Sunshine were at hand; and, having heated his noddle with a chirring cup, off went the coat also to pay his club: But quickly after a storm of bitter cold wind and weather attacked him, and being like to perish and starve with cold, cursed bitterly the Swallow for deceiving him, and being the cause of her own undoing and his too.

The MORAL.

One Swallow makes no Summer. Whatsoever is out of Season, is not to be depended upon.
Nothing

Nothing so foolish as an extravagant Youth. A Buck of the first Head is easily persuaded to part with his Money, and when he is ruined, it is no Excuse to say he was blinded by Example.

All other undone Wretches in their Fall,
Tho' ne'er so just, may our Compassion call;
Losses, Miscarriage, Folly, or the Frown
Of lowring Heav'n, may join to pull 'em down;
The unpitied Prodigal sees and seeks his Ruin;
All his own Handy-work is his Undoing.



163. *The MAN having borrowed HAIR.*

A Certain genteel but bald Spark, (that had spent all his stock to a bare Crown, having got a covering of borrowed Hair) was galloping briskly along the road, and on a sudden an unexpected gust of wind blew off his Perriwig. This surprizing accident put the standers by into a fit of laughter; and

the bald Gentleman laughed for company, and told them pleasantly, they need not wonder that another's Hair should so readily leave him, when he could not keep his Own.

The MORAL.

When the Gifts and Ornaments of Nature desert us, it is in vain to lament the Loss; a wise Man will never grieve for what he cannot redress. When natural Ornaments wear away and decline, Riches, which are but the Luggage of Fortune, can be no long nor lasting Possession to us.

If Fortune's Ornament, or Nature's fail,
'Tis but vain Grief does either Loss prevail.
Grief is the Pain of Fools Self-punishment,
The sweetest Ease of Life is wise Content.



164. *The REED and the OAK.*

A Proud sturdy Oak made a terrible noise and swaggering over a poor Reed;

Reed; Come out, says the Oak, if you dare, and let a battle determine which of us is strongest. No, replied the Reed, I regard not your vain boasting, nor repine at my low and mean condition: I do not pretend to match you; but when a blustering wind and storm comes, I shall overcome you by an humble submission, and laugh at your downfal.

The MORAL.

Humility goes before Honour: Humility, with just Industry, will raise a Man from low Degree; and without it, Honour is not secure. He that carries a high Head, and will bend to none, often meets with some powerful Opposition that will be too hard for him at last. Pride goes before Destruction, and a haughty Spirit before a Fall.

O happy Resignation,
That rises by its Fall;
That seeks no Exaltation,
But wins by losing all:
That conquers by complying,
Triumphing in its Lot;
That lives when it is dying;
And is, when it is not.

165. *The POMEGRANATE and APPLE-TREE.*

A Pomegranate and a fruitful flourishing Apple-Tree disputed which of them

200. ÆSOP'S FABLES.

was the most beautiful and delicious. They came to hard words upon it, and were just at daggers drawing, when a Bramble hearing the bustle, jumped down from the hedge to accommodate the difference between them. I beseech you, my Masters, said he, have some wit in your anger; consider a little, and do not quarrel about trifles: Peace is far better than War and Bloodshed. And so the debate ended, without further violence, by the seasonable and good advice of the Bramble.

The MORAL.

A Word in Season is precious; and if the Counsel is good, it is no Matter who is the Giver. What signifies how mean and despicable the Instrument is, when the Performance is noble and excellent?

When for false Honour hot Heads do contend,
The Meanness of the Cause the Quarrel shames;
Even the poorest Hand's a generous Friend
That stops the breaking out of such mad Flames.

166. *The HERDSMAN.*

A Herdsman, out of a great herd of Black Cattle, had lost a Calf, and when he had sought up and down the Wilderness, and could get no intelligence of it, he gave over searching, and betook himself to his prayers. O Jupiter, says he, if thou wilt shew me the Thief that has stolen my Calf, I will offer thee in sacrifice a young Kid. No sooner said, but going into a little wood he found a Lion devouring a Kid, which put him into a cold sweat, and to his prayers he went again. O, good Jupiter! I promised thee a Kid for finding me out the Thief; but now I will make it an Ox, if thou wilt deliver me from him.

The MORAL.

Prayers and Provender hinder no Man's Journey; but then we should pray with Discretion,

tion, and for moderate Things. Some People are always wishing and praying for this and t'other, which having obtained, desire to be rid of it; and if they should always be answered, they would be undone by their own Prayers.

If God should always grant what Men think best,
We should be ruin'd at our own Request.
For what may turn to Harm we cannot see;
But God knows better all our Wants than we.



167. *The VULTUR and other BIRDS.*

THE Vultur pretending to celebrate a feast upon the anniversary of his birthday, kindly invites all the feathered Nation to sup and be merry with him: They accept of the kind proffer, come in great numbers, and are received with very great ceremony. But having housed them all, he shut the door, and made himself a plentiful feast of their delicious carcases.

The

The MORAL.

That Cheat is most to be abhorred, that is acted under the Colour or Face of Friendship. Wicked and deceitful Men generally design Mischief, and that they may more easily and undiscerned accomplished it, offer a Courtesy, or some extraordinary Act of Favour to you; but before you are well aware, like the Vultur, they stab you to the Heart.

Take Care, my Friend, of these deceitful Wiles,
A Statesman's Favours, and a Harlot's Smiles;
Both, like the Vultur, artfully betray
Believing Fools, and make their Friends their Prey.

168. *The HARE and the TORTOISE.*

A Hare bantering a Tortoise about her heavy heels; Well, said the Tortoise, I will run with you for a wager. It is done, says the Hare, I now see you know nothing of the swiftness of my heels: But let us have one to judge between us. So they chose the Fox. They started fair, and the slow Tortoise never stopped till she came to the end of the race; but the fleet Hare sat down by the way; for, says she, I may take a nap, and overtake the Tortoise when I list. But she napped so long, that though she ran at last with all the speed she could, the heavy trudging Tortoise got to the post before her, and won the wager.

The MORAL.

Slow and sure oft wins the Prize. He that is industrious and constant in his Employment will excel and quite outdo a slothful Person, who may have more Wit and Cunning, but less Industry. Order and Application do all Things well and seasonably.

Look not upon a Rival ne'er so base
With that Contempt, to make thee slight the chase
Of the fair Prize in View. He that buys creeps,
A nimbler Hunter makes than he that sleeps.



169. *The MAN and his WOODEN GOD.*

A Zealous Man, in the times of Superstition, had an Image, to whom he paid his Devotion, and constantly prayed to for good luck; but the more he prayed, the poorer he grew, and quite down the wind he went. At length in great fury he takes his God by the legs, and dashed his head against the wall, and out of his mouth drops a handful of yellow-boys. The Fellow

gathered up the gold; but notwithstanding the booty, he accused his God of perverseness, who would be moved by blows, but not by prayers and constant devotion.

The MORAL.

Ungrateful Persons set a high Value on their Services, and it is the Custom of most People to accommodate their Religion to their Interest. Little Difference betwixt Priest and People; one for a fat Benefice, nay, sometimes Pluralities; and the other pays a conditional Devotion; where he speeds best, there he pays his Adoration with most Fervency.

Ingratitude is of all Sins the worst:
Sure for that Crime was Lucifer accurst.
Unthankful for his own bright Share of Heav'n,
By the all-gracious high Dispenser giv'n,
Up to the Face of God himself he flew,
From the Ungrateful thus the Rebel grew.



170. MERCURY and the CARPENTER.

AS an honest Carpenter was at his drudgery, hewing of timber near a Ri-

ver dedicated to Mercury, he dropped his axe into the water, which being deep, he durst not venture in for it himself, but lamented his loss extremely. The God, moved with pity at the man's loss and lamentation, immediately dived for it, and brought up a golden axe, and asked the poor man if that was it. No, says the Carpenter, that is not mine. Down he goes a second time, and brought up a silver one; but neither was that his. He dived a third time, and brought up an iron axe with a wooden shaft. O, that's mine, says the Carpenter, overjoyed. Oh! adorable Honesty! says Mercury, I am so pleased to see thee so just, thou shalt even have the other two as a reward for thy honesty. The Carpenter, pleas'd with his good fortune and favour received from the God, tells it abroad among the brotherhood; and his good success tempted a covetous wretch to try the same experiment. He threw his axe into the same river, and made a sad lamentation for the loss of it. Mercury immediately hears, and asked the cause of his grief; who being informed, dived, fetched up, and shewed him a gold axe: The fellow at first sight said it was his. Oh! impudent lying villain, said Mercury, thou shalt neither have this nor thy own again: With what hardened front dar'st thou lye, and try to deceive him that can see through thee?

The

The MORAL.

Craft brings nothing Home. God searches the Heart of Man, and is not to be imposed upon by Hypocrisy and Dissimulation; nor will he in any wise encourage it. Honesty is the best Policy, and never fails of a just Reward, at least in its own Bosom.

How dear to Heav'n is honest Poverty,
Whose Truth not tempting Gold itself can buy?
Heav'n's warmest Smile that daring Virtue crowns,
When hated Falshood is repay'd with Frowns.

171. *The AXE and the WILLOW-TREE.*

A Carpenter cutting down a tree, out of it he made wedges to cleave in pieces the rest of it; whereat the Tree complained grievously, not so much against the Axe, as the malicious hands that agitated it: But its greatest grief was, that part of its own Body should

should be made use of as an instrument, in a wicked hand, to destroy the rest of it.

The MORAL.

Nothing is more against the Grain, nor is a greater Aggravation of a Man's Misery, than to have been necessary to his own Ruin; or to have been betrayed by a Friend. But it is most dolorous and intolerable to wound the immortal Soul, by gratifying the corrupt and inordinate bodily Appetites.

'Tis dangerous an Enemy to arm,
Yet some work to themselves the greatest Harm,
Who of the Body make an Instrument
To wound the Soul, and then too late repent.

172. *The MOLE and her DAM.*

A Mole said to the Dam, Mother, methinks here is a strong nasty smell. And presently says she again, I see a Smith's forge. She was at it a third time; what a knell and noise of hammers I hear! Nay, replies the Mother, I now perceive thou dost not only want eyes, but nose, and ears also: For I am sure thou wast blind before, and now it is confirmed to me, that thou canst neither smell nor hear.

The MORAL.

Every Man has his Fault. Those that are industrious to conceal their Imperfections, do many Times the more express them. Few People would

would meddle with natural Defects; for they become Matter of Reflection when we seek to hide them; and our Concern makes us more suspected, and others more inquisitive after our Failings.

An over Care t' hide Faults, makes Men with more }
Inspecting Eyes observe what they past o'er, }
With a neglecting Glance unmark'd before. }
Those Failings we thus labour to conceal,
We only with a greater Shame reveal.



173. JUPITER and the SERPENT.

WHEN Jupiter was married, upon the celebration of his nuptials all animals came to offer presents to him, every one according to his ability. The Serpent, among the rest, brought a rose in his mouth, and presents it to Jupiter. But the God turning a disdainful look upon him, Away with your gift, cried he; whatsoever I take from

from more deserving hands, I like not here the offerer so well, as to accept the oblation.

The MORAL.

One good Turn asketh another. Therefore the Gifts of wicked Men are not to be accepted. Mutual Gifts are the Marks of Friendship, which betwixt a good and a bad Man are more Credit to the one than the other.

Presents from wicked Men have no good End;
The Giver does the Gift but ill commend.
Polluted Offerers taint the Offering:
A fragrant Rose ill-suits a poisonous Sting,

174. *The FLEA and the MAN.*

A Fellow having caught a Flea as it was biting him, asked the Prisoner how he came to feed upon his carcase. Why, said he, that from which every thing has its life, from that it seeks its nourishment; it is my way of living, which Nature taught me, and you should not take my life, since I do little harm. Phoo, said the Man, you are a blood-sucker: If you hurt but little, it is the oftner, and you are very troublesome; therefore you ought not to live, and so he squeezed him to death.

The MORAL.

Wickedness ought to be discouraged, even where there is little Power to hurt. Little Offences repeated are troublesome, and no Man

is

is obliged to bear a Trouble, which he may prevent by lawful Means. A Man's Quiet is of greater Value than the Life of a Flea.

A small Offence from them that rarely sin,
From human Mercy may some Favour win.
Habitual Mischiefs merit no Reprieve :
Who lives by Ill, does least deserve to live.



175. *The MAN and his two WIVES.*

A Certain extravagant Spark, having turned the vertical point of life, a little inclined to the brindle-head, a mixture of grey and brown hairs, however, had courage enough to venture upon marrying two Wives of a different age; one a matronly Dame, and the other a young spruce Lass. These two rival Ladies were very diligent and over officious on all occasions who would please him best. The elder Spouse, to make his love-locks all of a com-

complexion, whenever she combed his head, would be picking out some of the black hairs; and the young one, having the same design, picked out the white ones, till at last they made the good Man as bald as a Coot.

The MORAL.

He that marries a Wife, either too old or too young, makes an ill Choice; but to have both, is much worse. He that gives himself up to Pleasure, may run into this Extravagancy, or something like it; and it is well if he comes off with a bald Pate.

Do not at too much draining Pleasure grasp,
Lest thy sad Ruin thy Embraces clasp.
The toughest Neck will be too apt to choak,
When tugging Hands on both Sides pull the Yoke.



176. *The Dog and the Cock.*

A Dog and a Cock, that were great cronies, took a journey together; but
night

night coming on, the Cock goes into a high tree, and the Dog kennels in the hollow of the tree root. When the Cock at his usual time began to crow, a Fox hearing, comes running, and prays the Cock to come down, for he only desired to have the conversation of so noble a creature, who had charmed him with such ravishing music. Pray, Mr. Reynard, says the Cock, speak to the Porter below, and as soon as he has opened the gate, I will come down to you. Reynard accordingly calls the Porter, and asks if he might speak with the Gentleman above. The Dog being roused, apprehends Reynard, and tears him limb from limb.

The MORAL.

To deceive a Deceiver is no Deceit. A prudent Man will be well advised before he trusts a Flatterer; and if he be a known Enemy, it is the best Way to encounter him by Stratagem, and to defeat one Trick with another.

Justly wise Chanticleer, in such a Cause,
Her Champion Talbot calls Captain Provo,
To execute immediate martial Laws,
On such a treacherous ensnaring Foe.
We give some Play to a fair Enemy,
No Mercy to a Traytor and a Spy.

177. *The WASPS, PARTRIDGES, and HUSBANDMAN.*

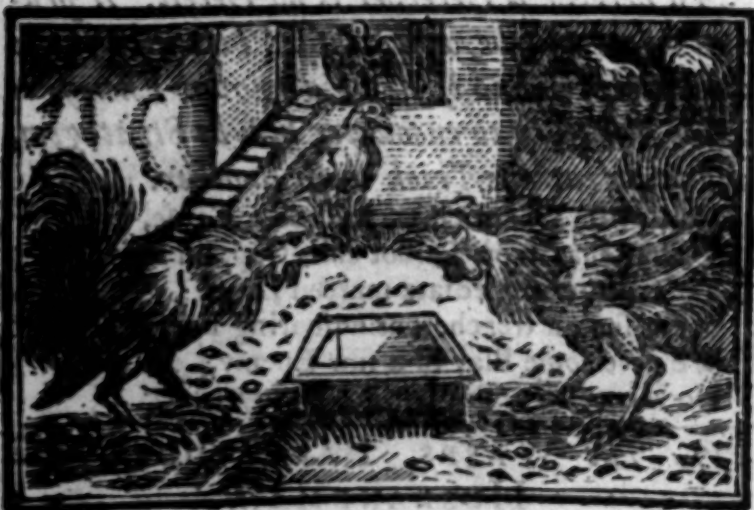
A Swarm of Wasps, and a covey of Partridges, begged some water of a Farmer to quench their thirst, for which they would be

be grateful to him. The Partridges promised to dig his Vineyard, and the Wasps to defend it from Thieves. No, no, said the Farmer, my own Cattle do the same work, and they must be first served.

The MORAL.

Charity begins at Home. It is a Duty to relieve the Poor; but all Circumstances must be considered: Those are first to be provided for, who have the greatest Right to our Care; and they are rather to be employed, whom we can most depend upon.

He that relieves his Neighbour in Distress,
Repaid by Heav'n, Heav'n will his Labour bless;
But let the liberal Hand Discretion guide,
And first for our own Nursery provide.



178. *The COCK and the PARTRIDGE.*

ONE that had store of Game Cocks about his house, bought also a Par-

Partridge, and put him amongst them to feed: The Cocks could not endure the Partridge, but were continually pecking and sparring at him; which ill usage he laid to heart, and thought it barbarous to be thus treated, being a Stranger. He at last saw them quarrel and fight among themselves; which the Partridge observing, was more easy and contented, and said to himself, Well may they nibble and peck at me, when, being all of a Tribe, they cannot agree among themselves.

The MORAL.

He that bears sorry Treatment patiently, takes the best Method to mend it. We cannot expect to be free from Affronts and Injuries, when we see Relations in the same House and Family disagree, and ready to devour one another. To forgive Injuries is the best Revenge.

A Stranger must not think to live in Peace,
Where Kindred from intestine Wars can't cease.
If with fierce People doom'd to live, endure
With Patience what thou can't not hope to cure.

179. *The LION and the BEAR.*

A Lion and a Bear coming up together with a young Fawn, seized it, but could not agree who should have it; they fought so furiously, that at last they gave over by consent, and laid down to recover new breath. A Fox passing that way, and perceiving how the matter stood, pulls away the Fawn from between them, whilst they lay gaping for wind, and carried it cleverly off. They both saw what passed all the while; but not being able to rise, they cry'd out, What a couple of wretched fools we are, to tear and worry one another for the profit of a cursed thieving Fox!

The MORAL.

Whilst two Dogs fight for a Bone, a third runs away with it. There is seldom any Good gotten

gotten by Contention, but another makes an Advantage of it; and this Consideration should incline Men to live in Peace.

Strife and Contention do too often chuse
To play the frantic Game where both Sides lose.
Thus warring Potentates too oft pursue
Ambition and Revenge; 'rag'd to that Pitch,
Till both their Wealth and Veins exhausted too,
They only make their neutral Neighbours rich.

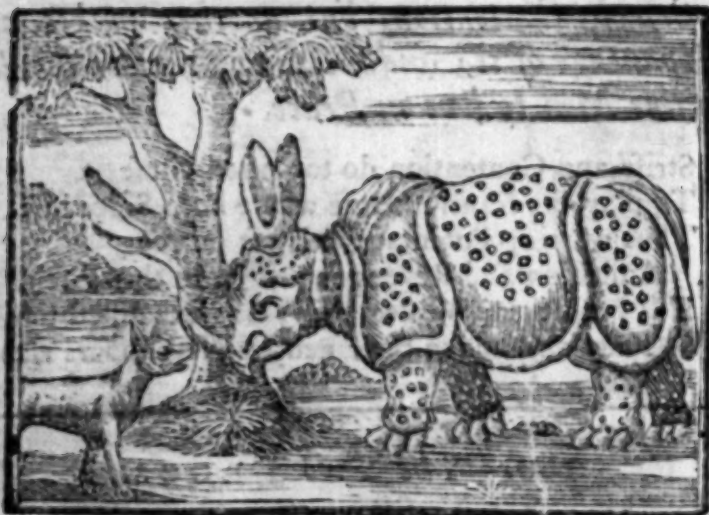
180. *The Two FROGS.*

TWO Frogs that had lived in a pond by reason of a great drought were forced to seek other quarters, and they found out a deep well. No sooner did they espy it, but one says to the other, Let us go down into this well. The other being somewhat wiser, made answer, Be not so hasty, brother, what if water fail here too, how shall we get out again?

The MORAL.

We must not do any thing rashly, but wisely consider the End before we use the Means, and rather chuse to want a thing, than obtain it upon hard, or too hazardous Terms.

If Happiness thou seek'st, seek that that's sure;
True Joys are whose Foundation stands secure.
They measure by Duration of possessing;
The hazardous Fruition spoils the Blessing.

181. *The RHINOCEROS and the FOX.*

AS a Rhinoceros was whetting his teeth, a Fox asked him the reason of it, since he was in no danger? To whom he replied, Not without good reason, good Mr. Fox, for I would not have my teeth to whet when my enemy is coming upon me, but be prepared to defend myself.

The MORAL.

One good Fore-thought is worth two After-thoughts. We should always be ready against a Time of Danger. He that does not put his Weapons in good Order till he is alarmed by the Enemy, will make but a very ordinary and indifferent Defence when surprized.

Wise

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Wise Courage still should stand upon her Guard :
E'en Heroes meet their Fall when unprepar'd.
By unman'd Garrisons, unguarded Coast,
And empty Magazines, are Kingdoms lost.

182. *The HART with one Eye.*

A Hart that was blind of one eye, feeding by the sea side, kept the seeing eye towards the land, to beware of Hunters, and the other to the seaward, supposing no evil could come from this. But some Sailors passing by, shot the Hart on the blind side, when he was confident of security ; and he turned up his heels with this lamentation : I have suffered no harm on that side where I most dreaded it ; but am destroyed on the other, where I thought myself most safe.

The MORAL.

He that thinketh himself surest, is oft deceived in that very thing which he most relied on : And the best Measures are often broke by Accidents, which not being foreseen, could not be prevented.

A thousand unseen Dangers on us wait,
And unexpected Ways lead to our Fate.
Yet, as you can, provide for your Defence ;
Use Means, and leave the rest to Providence.

183. *The STAG and the LION.*

A Stag, being pursued by Hunters, in his flight ran into a Lion's Den, and found himself presently in his clutches. Whereupon he cried out, Miserable creature that I am, to fly from Men to the fiercest, most violent, and voracious of Beasts.

The MORAL.

Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. It is the Fortune of some People to be exposed to many Dangers, and when they would avoid one Mischief, they run headlong into a greater, through their own Fear and Folly.

Of all Estates a Coward is the worst;
 The least of Men, of Man the most accurst.
 Whilst Fear, by the most wretched Folly led,
 Mistaken, thinks its Heels can save its Head:
 When most unhappily, t' its own sad Cost,
 There's two in Flight, for one in Battle lost.

184. *The*

184. *The STAG and the VINE.*

ANother Stag, being closely pursued, hid himself under a Vine; but when the Hunters were passed by, the Stag, thinking the danger over, began to eat the leaves of the Vine. They heard a noise, made a search, discovered, and shot the Stag. As he was expiring, he confessed it was a just judgment upon him, since he had done an injury to the Vine, which would have saved his life.

The MORAL.

Nourish a Raven and he will pick out thy Eyes. We ought to be thankful to our Benefactors, and abhor such Baseness as to return Ill for Good; for there is certain Vengeance attends so great Ingratitude.

Ingratitude alone's a Sin too bad;
T' Ingratitude, Barbarity to add,
Is that accumulated Guilt must urge
Avenging Heav'n such criminal Heads to scourge.

185. *The EAGLE and the MAN.*

A Certain Man having caught an Eagle, clipped her wings, and turned her out to walk and feed among his Hens. Another Man seeing the Eagle, had a mind to her, bought her, and let her wings grow: The Eagle took a Flight, and spying a Hare, seized her, and brought her to her Benefactor, as a grateful acknowledgment for his kind treatment: Which a crafty fly Fox seeing, says to the Man, Friend, I advise you not to entertain this Eagle, nor put so much confidence in her as you have hitherto done, lest she should seize upon you instead of a Hare. Upon which crafty hypocritical advice of Reynard, the poor weak Man clipped the Eagle's wings again.

The

The MORAL.

This Fable teaches us, that Gratitude, and Acts of Benevolence, are the best Way to meliorate and temper, if not quite change, savage and churlish Natures. Gratitude dwelt in the Breast of the Eagle, for the Kindness received from her hospitable Master: She brought him, the first Opportunity she met with, a Reward. But ill Men (like the Fox) create Jealousies and Misunderstandings, and prevent good Offices, and are too often the Occasion of losing the Advantages which might afterwards be reaped by them.

To blacken Benefits is base; and ill
Returns for Good t' advise, is baser still.
Practis'd Ingratitude is Man's worst Evil;
To preach it, is a Doctrine for the Devil.



186. The FISHERMAN.

A Fisherman, not Master of his trade,
carried a pair of bagpipes with his
L 4 tackle,

tackle, and sitting down by the sea-side, played a tune or two, but no Fish appearing, he laid by his Pipe, and threw his Net into the water with good success, and haled a very great draught ashore. He saw the Fish struggle and frisk about in his Net, which he observing, said pleasantly to them, O, foolish creatures! When I played to ye, you would not dance at all, but now you dance without Music, and skip about like mad, when I laid down my Pipe.

The MORAL.

Every Thing has its Season. Applications should be rightly made, otherwise they may have no Effect. It is lost Labour to sing Psalms to a Horse, or pipe to a deaf Man.

'Tis various Engines turn each various Sphere:
 Mankind must then by Thought and Reason steer;
 We lose our Port desir'd, when we from either err. }
 By proper Means we thus attain our Wish;
 A Net's no Music, nor do Pipes catch Fish.

187. *The BOY and the COCKLES.*

A Bullet-headed Boy was roasting Cockles, and hearing them chirp on the fire, he said, O, ye wretched creatures, do ye sing when your houses are on fire?

The MORAL.

Nothing is good out of Season. There is a Time for Jest, and a Time for Earnest. It is great Inhumanity to jeer and insult over the Miserable.

At Misery to make a Scoff and Jest,
Does Man e'en of Humanity divest.
The blackest Criminal, ere the Axe falls,
Some Eyes of Pity on the Scaffold falls.



188. *The WOLF and the DOG.*

AS a poor honest Dog lay asleep before the door of his Master's house, a voracious Wolf coming by, caught him napping, and was just going to worry him. The poor Cur begged heartily for life. Good Mr. Wolf do nothing rashly; you see I am as lean as carrion, and shall offend, rather than gratify your Worship's stomach. But in a few days we shall have a wedding-feast, and rich, glorious, fat, full dishes; and you may be sure I shall look out sharp, and by my good commons shall grow as fat as a Hog, and then I shall be a pleasant choice

dish for you. The well-flattered Wolf, for that time, was willing to let him go. A few days after the feasting was over, the Wolf, spying the Dog within doors, bids him remember his promise: Oh! good, kind, Mr. Wolf, if you catch me napping again, never stay for a wedding-supper.

The MORAL.

An Ass will not fall into the same Hole twice. He that has once escaped a Scouring and obtained a Favour, and is nabbed a second Time, ought to be branded for a Fool, and to die without Mercy. To deceive a Deceiver is no Deceit, especially when there is Life in the Case.

We should not live by Fraud, tho' Life is sweet :
But to deceive a Villain is no Cheat.

189. *The SWALLOW and the CROW.*

A Swallow and a Crow disputed upon the topic of Beauty, and which of them had the greatest share of it. Yours, said the Crow, is only in the Spring-time, but mine lasts all the Year.

The MORAL.

A black Grape is as good as a white. Where Things are equally good in other Respects, their Duration determines their Excellence.

Where

Where equal Merits with each other vie,
And, Rival like, would still her Conquest try,
This only casting Weight ends the Contest,
Duration turns the Scale, and marks the best.



190. *The SERPENT and the CRAB.*

A Crab became intimately acquainted with a Serpent, who being a plain dealer, advised the Serpent to leave off his shirking tricks: But he still followed his old course of shuffling and cutting, and was not to be reclaimed by good advice. Therefore, when the Serpent was asleep, the Crab fell upon him and strangled him. The Serpent, in dying, stretched out himself at his length: Aye, says the Crab, this had not happened, if you had been as strait when living, as you are now being dead.

The MORAL.

Plain Dealing is best. There is nothing more agreeable in Conversation than Simplicity of Manners; but he that has got a contrary Habit, will not easily be wrought upon by good Counsel.

Perverse Offenders their whole Life ill spent,
Long warp'd by Sin, to crooked Courses bent,
When forc'd to fix Feet Length their Bounds to keep,
Are only straiten'd in the last long Sleep.

191. *The NIGHTINGALE and the BAT.*

A Nightingale being hung out at a window, a Bat came up to her, and demanded a reason why she did not sing in the day-time as well as in the night? Why, says the Nightingale, I was taken singing in the day, and I took it for a warning. But, says the Bat, you should have thought on this before-hand, for you are in no danger to be taken again.

The MORAL.

After-wit comes too late, when the Mischief is done: However, a Man ought to consider his past Error, and do all he can to correct it, and prevent a second Misfortune.

When an irrecoverable Mischief's done,
In vain to After-wit the Wretched run.
Howe'er past Folly present Sense supplies,
'Tis better to be late, than never wise.

192. *The Washing a* BLACK-MOOR.

AN ignorant Fellow bought a Black-Moor, and thinking his swarthy colour was caused by neglect of his former Master, that kept him no cleaner, he tried all manner of washes, but all to no purpose: Nay, instead of mending his complexion, he marred his very constitution, and brought distempers upon him, by such foolish tampering with him.

The MORAL.

Can the Ethiopian change his Skin? No; Nature will have its Course. There is no changing the Fashion of the Body, nor that Condition of Life, which Providence has allotted to us.

Who

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Who against Nature, Reason, Wit, and Sense,
T' impossible Attempts would make Pretence;
Might try th' Experiment with as much Hope,
To wash his own dark Brains, as blanch the Æthiope.

193. *Two TRAVELLERS going Halves.*

TWO Men upon a journey found a Hatchet: He that first spied it, said to the other, See here, I have found a Hatchet: No, said the other, you should not say, I have found it, but We have found it. Presently comes a hue and cry after Thieves that had stolen a Hatchet. He that took it up, said then, Alas! we are undone. Why so? says the other. You must say, I am undone, not We. For if you only found it, you only must bear the Burthen of it.

The MORAL.

One Hand washes the other. Friends should partake of one another's good or bad Fortune; but he has no Reason to share in another's Adversity, who had no Part in his Prosperity.

They're Parasites, not Friends, that only run,
T' a prosperous Man, to share his smiling Sun.
Of those false Friends, the Thief can't want whole
Troops,
If All might snack the Treasure, None the Ropes.

194. *The*

194. *The Ass, the LION, and the COCK.*

WHILST a Cock and an Ass were feeding, a Lion comes up with open mouth to the Ass. It happened that the Cock crew, and the Lion scampers away upon it (for a Lion is naturally afraid of the crowing of a Cock.) But the silly Ass, ignorantly mistaking the true cause of the Lion's flight, and imputing it to something he had seen too terrible in his own asinine countenance, that had thus set him a running, with a sudden start of courage turns himself the Pursuer, and now gives chase to the Lion; when the Lion heard no more of the Cock, he faced about, and tore the foolish Ass to pieces; giving him only time to cry out, Miserable and wretched creature that I am! None of my Kin were Warriors, and why should I rush into battle?

The

The MORAL.

A Fool cannot keep himself well, who thinks his Enemy retreats through Fear of him, when perhaps it is done out of Policy, or some other Reason, thinking thereby to have an Advantage, but gives his Enemy an Advantage over him.

Who in his own Conceit is brave and wise,
Destruction will pursue which from him flies:
Himself the Trumpeter, his Foe to call,
He courts his Ruin, and invites his Fall.

195. *The LARK.*

A Poor innocent Lark being taken in a net, made this sad lamentation: Wo is me, poor wretch that I am, I have robbed no Man of silver or gold, nor taken away any thing of value, but now must die for picking up the mere gleanings of the field,
a few

a few scattered grains of corn, only to drive away hunger, and preserve life.

The MORAL.

One Man may better steal a Horse, than another look over the Hedge. Men sometimes are in great Danger for the sake of a little Gain; and poor Men are the greatest Sufferers, when they come under the Lash of the Law.

Petty Offenders caught in Justice Clutches,
Are try'd and lash'd: The Great she rarely touches.
Poor Whores are whipt, while rich ones ride in
Coaches.

196. *The PEACOCK and the DAW.*

A Peacock would needs be King of Birds, because he was such a beautiful Creature, and was in all probability very like to be chosen, by a great majority of votes; upon which a Jack-Daw made a learned speech against it, and roundly told the Peacock, that if any of the Birds should be pursued by the Eagle, his fine feathers would not be able to protect them. Whereupon they changed their opinion, and the general vote went against him, to his no small disappointment and mortification.

The MORAL.

He that sits at the Helm of State, ought to have a cool Head, and a courageous Heart. Kings should not be chosen for the outward Beauty, and Gracefulness of their Persons, but for their Prudence, Courage, and Conduct, untainted
Virtue

*Virtue and Honour. These joined with Discipline,
are Ornaments worthy and becoming Majesty.*

In Purple, Ermine, Gold and Jewels drest;
No more makes Kings, than the rich Cope the Priest.
As Deputies of Heaven their Trust they bear;
The best of recommending Virtue here
Is copying their Original most near.
The Warmth and Succour to their charge they bring,
The Champion Arm, and nursing Parents Wing,
Furnish the true Essentials of a King.



197. *The Dog and the Sow.*

THERE happened some hard words between a Sow and a Dog. By Venus, said the Sow, I will dash your teeth down your throat, you lousy Cur, if you do not mend your manners. Ay, replied the Dog, you do well to swear by her, who will not suffer any that eat Swine's flesh to come near her. Well, quoth she again, that is a token of her love, she hates those that hurt me; but as for your stinking carcase, no body cares for it, dead or alive. *The*

The MORAL.

A wise Man may sometimes overshoot himself, in giving his Adversary an Advantage; and it is the Perfection of an Orator, when an Argument is urged against him, to turn it to his own Advantage.

In all true Wit, there's this Advantage found,
'Tis doubly arm'd, both to defend and wound:
Whilst th' Orator, both eloquent and wary,
With his own Weapons beats his Adversary.

198. The GARDENER and his DOG.

A Gardener's Dog fell into a draw-well; the Gardener goes down himself to take him up; but the Dog thinking he was come to plunge him farther in, snaps at his Master's fingers. The Man comes up again in a passion, I am right served (says he) to take all this pains, to save an ungrateful Wretch, who is resolved to cast himself away.

The MORAL.

All is lost that is given to a wilful Fool. Some will not understand nor receive a Benefit, when it is offered them. They deserve to perish, who will not accept of a Deliverance, but treat their Friends as if Enemies.

Who will not apprehend a Benefit,
The churlish Cur so little merits it,
That whilst he thus his Benefactor lights,
The helping Hand that would his Fate recal,
Against his own Deliverance he fights,
And deaf to Pity shall unpitied fall.

199. The



199. *The BAT, BRAMBLE, and CORMORANT.*

A Bat, *Bramble, and Cormorant joined stock, and turned Merchant-Adventurers. The Bat had ready money, but he had borrowed it; the Bramble only took cloaths to barter; the Cormorant's stock was all in brass. But a tempest arising, the ship was cast away, and all their traffick lost: They with great difficulty saved themselves. From that time, they say, the Cormorant sits upon the sea-shore, to see if the waves will cast up his brass again. The Bat, fearing his Creditors, dares not appear by day, but seeks his meat in the night. The Bramble catches hold of every body's cloaths that passes by, to see if he can come by his own again.

The

The MORAL.

A covetous Mind is never satisfied with honest Gain. He that would be easy and happy must make himself indifferent to the Contingencies of all human Affairs. He that leaves an honest Vocation, in which he obtains a sufficient, though but a small Supply, for the uncertain empty Hopes of golden Mountains, is deservedly punished by a just Disappointment, in leaving a Certainty for a bare Possibility, a Substance for a Shadow.

They say a Miser's Feast extends
To Dishes pil'd with Plenty:
For one such Feast they make their Friends,
They make the Ocean Twenty.
Their Wealth all gorg'd, and still more curst,
Their shipwreck'd Senses follow:
Thine, Neptune, of wild Throats the worst,
What's thy voracious Swallow?



200. *The SHEPHERD and a WOLF'S WHELP.*

A Shepherd having taken a Wolf's Whelp, brought it up among his Dogs. After

it was grown up, whenever a Wolf was hunted, this Whelp was sure to make one in the chace; but if the Wolf escaped, and the Dogs returned home, this domestick Wolf still hunted on, till he overtook his Brethren, and got a share of their plunder, and then returned home to his Master. It happened once that the Wolves for a short time were pretty quiet; but this domestick Whelp could not govern his appetite, but would now and then make bold with a Sheep or a Lamb, till at last the Shepherd finding out his sly tricks, hanged up young Grim for his sanguinary thieving deeds.

The MORAL.

What is bred in the Bone will never out of the Flesh. Ill Nature will never be brought to good Manners: It may be dissembled or suspended a while to serve a Turn, but is seldom cured, either by Counsel or Education.

No Change of Life, not th' hospitable Roof,
New Masters, nor new Breeding, is enough
A savage Inclination to reclaim.

A Wolf is still a Wolf; and Blood's his Game.
Their perverse Natures mend not till they swing,
Are only cur'd by a medicinal String.

201. *The KING'S FISHER.*

THE King's Fisher is a solitary Bird, that lives always by the river-side, and builds in the rocks and hollow banks, out of harm's way. Having made her nest, and hatched

hatched her young, being out a foraging, there came a great flood, and fierce torrent of water, and washed away both nest and birds. Upon her return, finding how the case stood, and what had befallen her, she cried out, Alas! miserable wretch that I am, I fly from a less inconvenience into the mouth of a greater mischief.

The MORAL.

In Evil there is odds. We fly from one Danger, and often fall into another, and there is no Remedy but Patience. We must endeavour for the best, and provide against the worst.

No State so safe but meets some fatal Shocks,
Up to the very Nest that's built on Rocks,
A Surge of Fortune, and a rowling Sea,
May swell so high as to sweep all away.



202. *The SWAN and the GOOSE.*

A Certain Man brought up a Swan and a Goose together, the one to gratify his

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his Ear, and the other his Belly; the Swans in those days being not like those of the Poets raising, that never sing till they die, but bred up Music-masters from the very egg. When the Goose, upon an extraordinary gawdy day, was to be killed for dinner, through an unhappy mistake, occasioned by the darkness of the room, he took the wrong Goose by the tail; and the poor Swan had certainly gone to pot, like a Gosling, had she not luckily, in the very instant, exerted her musical faculty to enlighten his understanding, and so bought her Life for a Song.

The MORAL.

Great and fatal Mistakes may sometimes be committed, through Want of due Care and Thought; yet the Mischiefs of them have been often prevented by some happy Accident, especially where some watchful Providence steps in to rescue threatened Innocence and Virtue.

The Heedless oft too fatally mistake.

But, charming Swan! what Music didst thou make!

As e'en th' uplift Destroyer's Arm could check,

Like Psalms of Mercy, tun'd to save a Neck.

203. *The BEE-MASTER.*

THERE came a Thief into a Bee-garden, the Bees and Master being absent, and robbed the Hives. The Owner coming home, and finding all gone, stands pausing to think of this surprising and unexpected loss. But the Bees coming laden from the fields, and missing their combs, they fell powdering in swarms upon their Master. Well, says he, you are a company of ungrateful Wretches, to let the Thief that rifled you go scot-free, and to bend all your spite against me, who am busying my brains how to preserve you for the future.

The MORAL.

The simple Man is soon deceived. Some People are so rash, or ignorant, as to take a Friend
M *for*

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for an Enemy, and an Enemy for a Friend. This is a dangerous Error, incident to the Vulgar, who are apt to take a Prejudice against their Protectors.

Mistaken Notions of the Right and Wrong,
Hurry the Herd of misled Fools along,
Thus from the popular buzzing Hive they bring
Their Honey to their Foes, their Friends the Sting.

204. *The Two FROGS.*

THERE were two neighbouring Frogs, the one lived in a deep pond far from the highway, the other in a pool near it, which was almost dried up in a hot season. The Pond Frog advised the other to come over to her, where she might be safe. No, quoth the other, I am used to a place, and do not care to remove; and what was the end on it, a cart wheel ran over her, and crushed her to pieces for her obstinacy.

The MORAL.

Lazy Folks take most Pains. Some slothful People are so listless, that they will run all Hazards, rather than help themselves at the Expence of a little Trouble; and it generally happens, that they are the greatest Sufferers in the Conclusion.

The Slothful well may such Misfortune share,
Present, or future, neither World his Care.
To that supine Neglect of Duty given,
At once he forfeits Earth, and loses Heav'n.

205. *The*

205. *The Witch.*

A Witch pretending to do great wonders, and even to with-hold Divine vengeance, by which means she made great gain, was however at last accused of sorcery, arraigned, convicted, and condemned to die. As she went to execution, one said to her, Hussy, how durst you pretend to divert God's judgments, and cannot now, to save your own dear life, alter the decrees of men?

The MORAL.

He that deceiveth another, often deceiveth himself. Many promise much, but perform little; whose Craft may succeed a-while, but at last it turns to their own Confusion.

He that pretends to that enlighten'd Eye,
 As ev'n into divine Decrees can spy,
 Foretell, inform——Nay, to himself assumes
 The boasted Power, t' avert impending Dooms,
 Sees not his own eternal Shame and Smart,
 The surest Work of his infernal Art.

206. *The CRAB and the FOX.*

A Crab came out of the sea to feed upon dry land; a hungry Fox got sight of him, and comes running with open mouth to devour him. Well, says the Crab, I am rightly served to be out of my element, I had nothing to do to live on shore, my proper business and employment was only at sea.

The MORAL.

Men of Curiosity, and projecting Heads, are seldom easy or happy: Nothing pleases long. Let wise Providence appoint their Posts or Stations of Life never so happily, they are still countermining their own Happiness, and commonly bring on themselves swift and irretrievable Ruin, living unpitied, and dying unlamented: The just Product of their own Folly and Madness.

Nature, a nursing Mother on all Sides,
 For every Creature some Defence provides;
 But wand'ring Weakness, when it wildly strays
 From its own Element, itself betrays.
 In our own Sphere alone's our Safety found:
 'The trod-on Worm's not crush'd when under Ground.

207. *The Disappointed* MILKMAID.

AS a Country Lass was carrying a Pail of Milk to market upon her head, she fell to casting up, all the way, what a pretty Account that stock of hers might come to in a short time, with a little good management. This Milk, says she, will bring me so much ready Money: That Money will buy me so many Eggs; those Eggs so much Poultry; and, with the Fox's leave, that Poultry will make me Mistress of a Pig, which Pig may be improved into a fat Hog; and that Hog will bring me so much Money in my purse. Now with that Money, I shall quickly strike into a Cow and a Calf: And then, says she, comes a Sweetheart! Upon the transport of that thought, down falls the Pail of Milk; which put an end to the whole story of the Eggs, the Poultry, the Pig, the Hog, the Cow, the Calf, and all the whimsies that went along with it.

The MORAL.

We should not, as the Proverb says, reckon up our Chicken before they are hatched; that is, not build our Happiness upon a foundation so slippery as remote Contingencies.

REFLECTION.

The Milkmaid's Case is too much that of all Mankind: We go on from Project to Project, from Hope to Hope, as if we were to live for ever. One Man forms to himself this Scheme, another that; and oh! how happy will each be when he brings his Views to bear! But just as they think themselves within Reach of all they hoped and wished, comes Death, another sort of Sweetheart than the poor Girl pleased herself with; down comes all the frothy Milk of their airy Expectations, and they have nothing but the Vanity of their Hopes to contemplate upon, while they languish on a sick Bed; and at last wind up the whole melancholy Story in the Memento they afford to others, how they build their sole Happiness on the transitory Pleasures or Amusements of this uncertain Life.



208. *A covetous MAN biding his GOLD.*

A Certain Covetous Wretch sold all his Goods, and turned them into a Bag

of Money, which he buried under Ground with his whole Heart with it, going every day to the place where it lay, to feast his Eyes with the sight of his Treasure. But one, that was at work hard by, taking notice of the place, went and digged up the Gold. He going afterwards, and finding the Nest robbed, roared and tore his hair like one distracted. A Neighbour that saw him thus weeping, and understood how the matter was, argued the case with him: Why do you take on so? When you hid the massy heap, it was not properly your own: Take now a handsome Stone, and fancy it is Gold, and it will be the same thing; for when it was in your Chest, you resolved not to use it, and the Stone will be as serviceable as a thing you neither want nor use.

The MORAL.

Riches are like Dung, which stink in a Heap, but being spread Abroad, make the Earth fruitful. It is but mere Fancy, to desire and esteem Riches unless for the Sake of using them. The best Metals lose their Lustre, unless brightened by Use.

Gold its original takes from the Sun:

As such the Sire, let th' Offspring like himself,
Around the World, its shining Circle run:

When hid in Earth 'tis only Muck and Pelf.
Misers that thus heap th' useless Golden Mass,
Are e'en no richer than the loaded Ass.

209. *The FLEA and HERCULES.*

A Man of Valour and great Prowess, having taken captive a small diminutive Animal, committed an act of hostility upon one of his haunches; he being resolved to give him no quarter, was doing military execution upon him, by rowling him to death between his finger and his thumb; it happened that the poor Prisoner made a lucky escape. Hereupon the Man cried out to Hercules, the guardian power to which he always addressed his prayers, very loudly accusing him of negligence and unkindness, because he did not help him to dispatch his adversary.

The MORAL.

He that would learn thus to pray, let him go to Sea. It does not become Men to pray for Trifles, nor God to take Notice of them. It is the great Work of Grace, and an over-ruling Providence, that helps Men in great and pressing Difficulties: and these ought to be the Subject of our Prayers.

Think, when our Prayers make their Address above,
To Majesty Divine, our Suits we move;
With Reverence, then, let th' humble Suppliant
Obtrude not on high Heav'n each trifling Want;
Ask only Boons worthy a God to grant.

210. *The WOMAN and her MAIDS.*

A Good Housewifely Woman used to raise up her Servants to work at Cock-crow; they being weary of the drudgery, and desirous of more rest in their beds, laid their heads together to make an end of the poor Cock, for calling up their Dame so soon. But they were not better, but worse upon it; for the Dame mistook the Hour the Cock was used to crow at, and called up her Maids sometimes at Midnight.

The MORAL.

An addle Brain gives foolish Counsel. He that is not content with his Condition, in seeking to mend it, commonly makes it worse, especially when he uses unlawful Means, or takes improper Measures to gain his Point.

The Drone and Sleeper, who by Wiles and Fraud,
 Would from his daily Task of Duty run,
 Is justly punish'd with a double Load,
 Of what his Sloth and Idleness would shun.



211. *The HOUSE DOG and a HUNTER.*

A Certain Man having two Dogs, taught the one to Hunt, the other to Watch the House; but when the Hound took a prey, the House Dog always put in for a share. The Hound took this very ill, and grumbled at it: Sirrah, says he, must you live in Idleness, and be maintained out of my daily Labour, and the Sweat of my Brows? Why, says Watch, you may thank my Master, that did not teach me to work, but allowed me to live by others labour: Yet, surely I deserve the Bread he gives me, when I watch both

both the House and the very Cupboard that holds it.

The MORAL.

It is better to be envied than pitied. Providence has allotted to some a more easy State and Condition of Life, than others. However, he is not to be blamed that has a less-laborious Employment, if he discharges his Duty in it, and is thankful to his Benefactor. He that labours to get, and they that endeavour to preserve and save what is gotten, are both Praise-worthy.

In States or Families, Heav'n to Mankind,
In different Classes, different Tasks assign'd.
Wise Heads at th' Helm, and the hard Hands the Plough:
One thinks, another acts, both useful too.
Still equal Labourers in either Station,
Perform alike the Work of their Creation.



212. *The HARES and the FOXES.*

THE Hares in former times had a war with the Eagles, and very much im-
M 6 portuned

portuned the Foxes to help them, but they civilly returned this answer: We would be glad to serve you, but we know both where your Courage lies, and also what an Enemy we have to encounter.

The MORAL.

Beware of an After-clap. People ought to engage in War, and make Alliance with the greatest Caution. It is great Folly to join with a weak Party, and hazard Life and Fortune against a powerful Adversary.

They that engage with timorous Allies,
Are sure to fly before their Enemies;
For in a Battle these begin the Rout,
And let in Ruin to the Brave and Stout.

213. JUPITER'S WEDDING.

JUPITER having an inclination to enter into honourable Wedlock, and resolving to summons his whole train of Vassals to pay their Homage to his celestial Spouse, invited all living Creatures to his Wedding: All came in good time except the Tortoise, which gave occasion to Jupiter to ask him why he came so late, and made the Company stay? Why, truly, says the Tortoise, I was at home, my own dearly beloved habitation; which incensed the God so much, that he passed this

this sentence upon him, That from that day
he should never go without his House on
his Back.

The MORAL.

*Home's Home, tho' never so homely. Some
had rather live sparingly in a poor Cottage of
their own, than with spendid Entertainments
abroad. Contentment is better than all the
luxurious Treats in the World.*

Content does with a heartier Stomach come
To her own poorer Viands cook'd at Home,
Rather than call'd Abroad, a riotous Guest,
To all the Noise and Hurry of a Feast.
More pleas'd t'her Lips to lift her own Brown Bowl,
Than see all round the Golden Goblets troul.



214. MERCURY *and* a STATUARY.

MERCURY having a great mind to know
how he was esteemed among Men,
puts on human shape, and goes into the
house

house of a Statuary, where seeing the picture of Jupiter, he asks the purchase of it. The Carver sets him the price. Well, and how do you value this Piece of Juno? said Mercury. That the Carver rated a little higher. The next was his own Statue, set forth with all the Trophies and Regalia of the Messenger of the Gods. Well, says he to himself, with all those Badges of Honour, and so much gay Drapery about me, certainly he will ask ten times as much for this; and so put the Question. Why truly, says the Man, you look like an honest Fellow, give me my price for the other two, and you shall have that Bauble into the bargain.

The MORAL.

Vain Glory and Self Applause are of little Value with modest and truly ingenuous Men. But popular Caresses, and Self Exaltation, are the Fool's Paradise, who values himself for the good Opinion he has of his own Merit, not what sober, judicious, and good Men have of him. So that Mercury in this Fable shared the Harkner's Fate, never to hear Good of themselves.

Tickled with Praise, with popular Breath up rais'd,
 Vain-glorious Men are very rarely pleas'd.
 For one false Trumpet to their Flatt'ry tun'd,
 They hear too often the ungrateful Sound,
 To dash their Vanity, and Pride confound. }

215. *The RAVEN and the SNAKE.*

AN hungry Raven seeing a Snake, as he lay sunning himself at his length, snapt him up, and flew away with him. The Snake kept twisting and turning, till he bit the Raven to death, who miserably ended his days with these words: What a Fool was I, to meddle with a poisonous booty, which has cost me my life?

The M O R A L.

Short Pleasure but long Lamentation. Men venture Soul and Body to gratify the Appetite. Pleasures shine in the Eye, and insinuate themselves into the Heart, but Excess is a deadly Poison.

Too like the Crow Man's ravenous Appetite,
Hungry for Pleasure, gorges his Delight.
Round our Necks, too, our twining Poisoners spread,
But 'tis th' alluring Syren sings us dead,

216. *The*

216. *The SERPENT and JUPITER.*

THE Serpent being often trod upon by men, complained to Jupiter about it, who answered him, That it was his own fault; for if he had bit the first that hurt him, the next would have been afraid to come near him.

The MORAL.

Those that boldly resist, and beat off their Enemies, will be more terrible to others, and keep them at a due Distance; but he that is cowardly, will be trampled upon.

Exerted Strength does that Impression print,
 'Tis striking forth the Fire to shew the Flint.
 With Strength of Arm stop thy first facing Foe:
 Against the second thou'lt not need a Blow,
 The Terror of thy Arm the Work will do.

217. *There is No To-MORROW.*

A Man who had lived a very profligate life, at length being awakened by the lively

lively representations of a sober Friend, on the apprehensions of a feverish indisposition, promised, that he would heartily set about his reformation, and that To-morrow he would seriously begin it. But the symptoms going off, and that To-morrow coming, he still put it off till the next, and so he went on from one To-morrow to another; but still he continued his reprobate life. This his Friend observing to him, said, I am very much concerned to find how little effect my disinterested advice has upon you: But, my Friend, let me tell you, that since your To-morrow never comes, nor do you seem to intend it shall, I will believe you no more, except you set about your repentance and amendment this very moment: For, to say nothing of your repeated broken promises, you must consider, that the time that is past is no more: That To-morrow is not Ours; and the present Now is all we have to boast of.

The MORAL.

That Compunction of Heart cannot be sincere which takes not immediate Effect, and can be put off till To-morrow. The Friend's closing Observation in the Fable is so good a Moral, that we need add nothing to it.

REFLECTION.

Whoever considers this Emblem, will find it to be his own Case; we promise, and we put off, and we sin,
and

and we go on sinning: But still as our Conscience checks us for it, we take up faint Purposes, and half Resolutions, to do so no more, and to lead a new Life for the future. Thus, with the young Fellow here, we indulge ourselves in our Pleasures from time to time; and when we have trifled away our Lives, Day after Day, from one To-morrow to another, that same To-morrow never comes. This is the Sluggard's Plea and Practice; the Libertine's, the Miser's, and, in short, whose is it not? Now, if we would but consider the Vanity and the Vexation of a lewd Course of Life; the Impiety first of entering into Vows, which we intend beforehand not to perform, and afterward of breaking them; the Folly and the Presumption of undertaking for any thing that is wholly out of our Power; the Necessity of improving every Moment of our Lives; the desperate and the irreparable Hazard of losing Opportunities; we should not venture Body and Soul upon the Necessity of a procrastinated Repentance, and postpone the most certain Duties of a Man, and of a Christian. For there is No To-morrow, nor any thing, in Truth, but the present Instant, that we can call our own.

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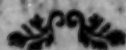
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